JOHN BULL, JUNE 2, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 867. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

5d SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jager's Fresade
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN
5d per lb Cheaper

The New Skipper

by A.G. Gardiner

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we have conquered infectious disease."——Lord Lister.

MY Antiseptic "Yadil" destroys all forms of disease-germs in the body without causing the least injury to the most delicate internal organs. This has been proved by thousands of doctors during the last seven years. "Yadil," together with pure air and sound natural food, can make the British Isles practically free from tuberculosis in three years. In my new booklet, sent post free on request, I explain how this can be done. For this life-saving campaign I need the whole-hearted help of everyone of the readers of "John Bull," even of those enjoying perfect health. For everyone knows someone who suffers or has suffered from some form or other of lung and chest disorders—pneumonia, pleurisy, influenza, bronchitis, coughs, etc. Write at once for my new booklet. Simply address "Yadil," 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. You can get my antiseptic through all chemists, including every branch of Messrs Boots.

Alex Clement

Hurry up!

and get this

2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

Send No Money!

The offer is made to introduce the new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Lever Model Pen, complete with Clip. To get its equal in the shops you would have to pay at least half a guinea. It has a 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, safety cap and every refinement. The 2/6 Pencil has Clip and refills complete. Send no money—first get the pen on 3 days trial.

DON'T be too late! Don't *wish* when it is too late that you had accepted this bargain offer—sign the coupon *now* and *make sure*.

SEND NO MONEY. JUST SIGN the COUPON.

CUT HERE

Send no money. Available for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

"J.B." 2.6.23. DATE.....

JOHN BULL

Great Free Home Insurance Gift

219 more Benefits paid this week

TOTAL NOW 4924

Here are two letters typical of the many we receive expressing delight at the way in which "JOHN BULL" meets its obligations in connection with the Free Insurance Gift. No irksome delays—no quibbling with Insurance Companies—just sympathetic understanding and businesslike settlement.

Amesbury, Wilts.,
16-5-23.

"I cannot express in writing how thankful I am to receive your generous award of £200 Free Insurance Gift, through being a registered reader of your paper. It is such a great help, and will enable me to do much to replace the beautiful little home I lost in the disastrous fire."

(Signed) H. HARBOUR.

42, St. Clair St., Kirkcaldy,
14-5-23.

"I have received your letter and cheque. I was agreeably surprised to find that my claim has been paid over in full without any trouble whatever. Quite a number of my customers have been interested in this claim of mine, and some doubted the genuineness of your Free Insurance Gift, but I am glad that I am now able to dispel all their doubts."

(Signed) MRS. M. DAVIDSON.

We give below a few names out of the hundreds who benefit this week :—

Damage by FIRE.

BRIXTON, S.W.—Mrs. TANNER, 73, Somerleyton Road.
CARDENDEN, FIFE.—W. GOURLAY, Gowanbank, Station Road.
BRIDGNORTH.—W. POWELL, 29, Holly Bush Road.
HUDDERSFIELD.—A. J. TAYLOR, "Windle Shaw," Grimscar Avenue.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "spotted" fever) Measles, Anthrax

RUGELEY.—Mrs. E. COPE, 2, Yardleys Entry, Horse Fair.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. M. GIBBOW, 9, Mill Street.
PONTYPRIDD, GLAM.—Mrs. E. L. RICHARDS, 11, Gwilym Street, Rhydfelan.
WINSFORD, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. A. JOHNSON, 52, Princess Street, Wharton.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. E. CROFT, 29, Albert Place, Station Street.
WHETSTONE, N 20.—Mrs. A. G. REED, 35, Russell Road.
ABERDARE, S. WALES.—E. J. KERSLAKE, 19, Green Street.
CRUMLIN, MON.—Mrs. E. LLOYD, 77, Rectory Road.
RUGBY.—Mrs. E. E. CRITTY, 61, Benn Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. A. W. THORNHILL, 9, Kyte Street, Lenton.
LEEDS.—L. HODGSON, 11, Stapelton Terrace, New Wortley.
LANGLEY MILL, NOTTS.—F. HULL, 16, Dean Street.
TIPTON, STAFFS.—B. INCE, 51, Fisher Street, Great Bridge.
CRUMLIN, MON.—E. MORGAN, 125, Lewis Street.
WESTBURY, WILTS.—Mrs. G. A. JOHNSON, Westbury Leigh.
EAST LOTHIAN.—W. GILMOUR, Stanley Road, Gullane.
RIDGEWAY, Nr. SHEFFIELD.—C. ELEY, 17, Sunny Bank.
LONDON, E.—L. ROSENSWEIG, 32, Bishopsley Street, Commercial Road.
HERNE BAY.—Mrs. K. L. BRETT, 1, Little William Street, Herne Bay
RESOLVEN, GLAM.—G. THOMAS, 4, Thomas Terrace.
CAERPHILLY, S. WALES.—Mrs. A. EATON, 37, First Avenue, Tre Cenydd.
CRUMLIN, MON.—W. H. VEALE, 86, Rectory Road.
CLEARWELL, GLOS.—C. H. FRANCIS, Shop House Farm.
HULL, EAST YORKS.—Mrs. B. WILES, Eastrington.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

BLACKHEATH, S.E.—Mrs. S. ROSS, 2, Dinsdale Road.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. J. HOSKINS, 108, Alexander Street.
RHYMNEY, MON.—Mrs. F. WILLIAMS, 85, Forge Street.
HULL.—Mrs. S. HOPE, 6, Alexandra Terrace, Crowle Street, Hedon Road.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. I. HODGSON, 67, Perseverance Street, Primrose Hill.
NORWICH.—Mrs. ALLMAN, 9, Horton's Yard, Oak Street, Norwich.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. C. KELLY, 31, Myrtle Terrace.

Home Accidents £1 per week.

NORWICH.—Mrs. A. E. RUDDERHAM, 119, Shadwell Street, Union Street.
OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.17.—A. E. REEVES, 6, Eton Street, East Street.
Nr. MARKET HARBOROUGH.—Mrs. E. UNDERWOOD, Desborough Road, Smythbrook.
Nr. NEW TREDEGAR, MON.—Miss P. WOODFIELD, 32, Railway Terrace, Tir-Phil.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. A. BARTON, 9, Melin Street.
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.—Mrs. H. E. BLACKBURN, 29, Sherwood Road.
Nr. SKEGNESS.—Mrs. M. BARKER, 5, East View Terrace, Winthorpe.
BY MIDCALDER.—Mrs. E. CAMPBELL, Barracks Cottage, Livingston Station.
WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. GARDNER, 65, Florence Road.
DEPTFORD, S.E.—W. GRANGER, 36, Hale Street.
RAMSGATE.—G. E. HUTT.—Vera Cottage, 15A, Westcliffe Road.
BARROW-ON-SOAR.—Mrs. E. E. HANDS, 20, Sileby Road.
Nr. FERRYHILL, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. Lamb, 11, Miner's Terrace, Finkburn.
HOLGATE, YORKS.—Mrs. M. A. NOEL, 6, Falconer Street.
HAMMERSMITH, W.—A. A. RIX, Hammersmith Terrace.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. M. ATKINSON, 48, Thomas Street.
LARKHALL, LANARKSHIRE.—Mrs. S. McQUADE, Station Road.
CINDERHILL, NOTTS.—R. MILWARD, 27, Holden Square.
TOWNHEAD, GLASGOW.—Mrs. I. SHARPE, 28, Rottenrow.
ILKESTON, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. E. FRETWELL, 34, Ebenezer Street.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. A. BROOKES, 31, Mildred Street, Tynant, Llantwit Vardre.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. A. E. HODSON, 191, Arkwright Street.
SANDY, BEDS.—Mrs. E. MEDLOCK, 10, Council Cottages, Tempsford.
TEAMS, GATESHEAD.—Mrs. V. CROOKS, 36, Victoria Road.
BRIDPORT, DORSET.—R. G. WALBRIN, Smacombe Farm, Shipton Gorge.
LARKHALL.—Mrs. S. RODGER, Fairholm Lodge.
Nr. BARNSLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. E. FAWCETT, 6, Snape Hill Road, Darfield.
KILVEY, SWANSEA.—Wm. VAUGHAN, 14, Owen's Row.
MORRISTON, Nr. SWANSEA.—Mrs. B. DAVIES, 12, Hixton Terrace.
HALESOWEN.—Mrs. E. SOUTHALL, 12 Gaunt's Yard, High Street.
FENCE HOUSES.—Mrs. J. FORREST, Dunwell View, East Rainton.
AIRDRIE, BY GLASGOW.—R. MEECHAN, 16, Hallcraigs Street.
NEWBIGGIN-BY-SEA.—W. PATTON, 41, Northumberland Avenue.
Nr. WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. E. A. BEDFORD, 10, Thorpe Lane View, Tingley.
YNYSHIR, GLAM.—D. J. JONES, 48, Standard View.
WEST HENDON, N.W.9.—J. W. MARKLEW, 5, Brent View Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. M. E. SHAR, 101 Rupert Street, Wilford Road.
LOSSIEMOUTH, N.B.—A. GERRY, 30, High Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. KIRK, 115, Lepping Lane, Wadsley Bridge.
GLASGOW.—W. McFERRICK, 3, Hutton Drive, South Govan.
IPSWICH.—W. BURSTEAD, The Terrace Wherstead.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. K. BALDWIN, 9, Derrick Road, Kingswood.
WEST MALLING, KENT.—Mrs. F. JUNOR, Ryarsh Lane.
TAUNTON.—Mrs. M. THATCHER, 6, Castle Street, Taunton.
TREHERBERT.—Mrs. A. THOMAS, 6, Glynogwyn Road Blaintonedda.

Sign Now!

CUT HERE

J.B. 2.6.23.

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Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

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J.B., 2.6.23.

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Address .....

Date .....

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ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS
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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, MEN'S & WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS, SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES, WRINGERS, BICYCLES, CHINA WARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc.
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Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103, to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY. — Excellent opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good commission.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 10), 10, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

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KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 100, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

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BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

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NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

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"Sanitas" will do all this as by magic and make the whole mouth healthy, and your smoke becomes again a real pleasure.

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In Middle Age Nervous Energy begins to wane. Dr. Cassell's will Revitalize your System.

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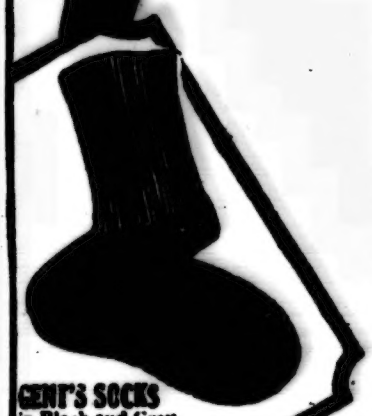

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Dearer sugar makes it cheaper than ever

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The new patterns have novelty, and at the same time that good taste which distinguishes the well-dressed man. To beauty of the genuine material and make up, see the round tab on every garment. Of all hosiers and outfitters at the new reduced prices.

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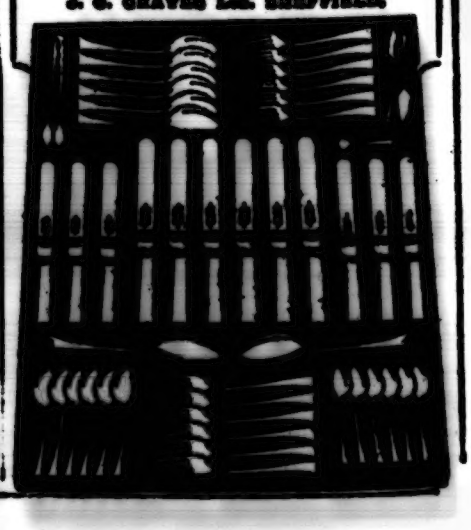

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JOHN BULL

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Telephone: Gerrard 9866
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*For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.*

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Good Luck to Him!
The new Premier has a hard task ahead of him, but he has a will of his own, and a sane outlook on national and international problems, and firm policies boldly carried out will gain quickly the trust and support of the country.

A Wise Move.
Mr. Baldwin has shown sound discrimination in selecting the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The appointment will undoubtedly create confidence in financial circles and prove an important factor in stabilising trade.

Dead as Mutton.
The new Labour International has repudiated Communism. We always said that Bolshevism was helpless before ordinary common sense.

Never Again.
General Smuts declares that South Africa is unwilling to take part in future European wars. If the common people can restrain their politicians the question will never arise again.

At Last!
Belgium has decided to pay her debts to her allies. It is high time other countries saw facts in the same light. At present Britain pays and the rest owe.

Why Not Arbitration?
If war comes between Greece and Turkey it will be over the eternal question of reparations. Until this universal bugbear is removed there is no hope of reconstructing Europe.

Watch Winston!
Winston won't be long out of the limelight, and his reappearance may mark another political somersault. He is too uncomfortable in the Liberal Party to remain there long.

A Sound Idea.
Brigadier-General Maxwell suggests that the problem of reparations should be handed over to practical business men. As the diplomats have failed utterly it could do no harm to give them a trial.

Lord Curzon Wins.
The danger of a breach with Russia is indefinitely at an end. The Soviet has conceded all the main issues and the sooner normal relations are established the sooner the world can tackle the really serious problems.

A Colossal Task.
At least 200,000 houses a year for the next twenty years are needed to make good the war shortage. Now then, Mr. Baldwin!

An Unintelligent Policy.
The increasing number of unqualified persons employed as teachers is becoming a serious matter. Only the most highly skilled should have charge of England's future citizens.

We Don't Care.
An American lawyer has prophesied that the coming world will be dominated by women. At any rate, they can't make a bigger mess of governing it than men have done.

Ending a Scandal.
Viscount Cave's Bill, which provides severe penalties for traffic in titles, will end a practice that has brought both Party Government and English aristocracy perilously near contempt.

Checking the White-slaver.
We hope Parliament will pass with all speed the Bill for the registration of touring theatrical managers. There never was a more urgently needed and overdue piece of legislation.

The War Winners.
Half a million ex-Service men are still hopelessly looking for a livelihood. We expect the new Government to make a serious effort to pay the nation's debt to these men.

Hindering Housing.
Obsolete by-laws are seriously crippling building in many districts. If local authorities lack the good sense to scrap them in the face of necessity Parliament must step in and make them.

A Practical Test.
The appointment of an official American delegate to the Opium Commission of the League of Nations is a direct challenge to its ability to frame effective measures for the suppression of the drug traffic. A sincere effort may mean a lot to the world.

£2,000
"Bullets" Biggest First
This week the "Bullets" First Prize is increased to £2,000. The Second Prize is £500—Third Prize £250.
This startling offer is a world's record for a competition of this kind—
And You May Win It!
For full particulars see page 27.

And Time Too!
One gas company is reducing gas a halfpenny per therm. The next thing is to abolish therms and get back to cubic feet so that the harassed householder can tell just what he is paying for.

Utopian Economics.
The Ministry of Health proposes to reduce the fees paid to panel doctors, but it is folly to expect to get a good service for 1s. 6d. The only real solution is a change in the system.

Shameless Ingratitude.
The British Legion has every cause to complain of the failure of the King's Roll, but legislation cannot inculcate humanity and gratitude in men to whom patriotism merely means profit.

A Catch Somewhere.
The "index figure" by which the Ministry of Labour measures the cost of living, has dropped—and wages with it. The cost of living appears to the housewife to be increasing. There's something wrong.

Stale.
The usual paragraphs are appearing bewailing the destruction of fruit trees by insect pests and so preparing the way for a burst of profiteering when the fruit arrives. It's a device that is wearing just a little thin.

Non-pensioners First.
It is a crying scandal that while thousands of skilled ex-Service men are starving there are a number of highly paid officials at the Ministry of Pensions who are also in receipt of substantial pensions. Other Ministries house similar limpets.

Save the Mark!
The strike now in progress among employees of the Co-operative Wholesale Society is a queer comment on the sincerity of what is supposed to be a society for mutual aid and comradeship!

Cause and Effect.
There are 10,000 cases of tuberculosis under observation in Glasgow, and the housing conditions there are the worst in the country. Bad housing breeds disease and a high death-rate. That Housing Bill *must* pass without delay.

Shameful Neglect.
Over 1,000,000 acres of arable land went out of cultivation in Britain between 1919 and 1922. It is no wonder that agriculture is in such a distressing condition. This is a serious matter for immediate State action.

A Disappearing Trick.
In one big Whitehall department the total number of envelopes issued per year exceeds by more than two millions the number of official communications sent out, and the paper excess is on the same liberal scale. Evidently we are paying for the private stationery of the staffs.

The Worst Yet.

A sanitary inspector has reported that at Higham Ferrers (Northamptonshire) he had found a whole family living in two bedrooms. Father, mother and baby in one, in the other seven girls, a man of 20, and a boy of 9. Ye gods!

Better a Dog.

At the show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, at Richmond, a bulldog was housed in a cage lined with green silk, and the pets of the rich were provided with dainty hair-brushes, combs, powders, and hot thermos flasks. Better be such a dog than an ex-hero in a hovel.

Noble Mrs. Fozard.

When a house was on fire in Quarry Mount Terrace, Woodhouse, Leeds, Mrs. Ann Fozard, with a towel round her head, pluckily fought her way through the smoke and fire and saved the life of a child. In doing her duty at the hazard of her own life, she proved how splendidly brave an Englishwoman can be.

Taken to Her Death.

When Alice Ann Midghall was progressing favourably at the Liverpool Royal Infirmary, a resident medical officer ordered her removal to the Brownlow Hill Institute, although her bed was not urgently needed. She died two and a half hours later. The doctor responsible says he would do the same again in similar circumstances. In that case God help the next poor patient he removes.

Drunk Amidst Flames.

An unemployed miner named Robert Corbett, of Swansea, living on unemployment money, went home helplessly drunk and persisted in going to bed with his lighted cigarette in his mouth. His little girl of five slept in the same bed, and in the morning was heard screaming "the bed is on fire." The man was too drunk to get out of the flaming bed and had to be rolled out. Such a spineless ass deserved to have been left to sizzle.

Robbing a Widow.

The squandermaniacs, who pour the taxpayers' money into Palestine and Mesopotamia, and "economise (!)" at the expense of maimed heroes and their dependants, have cut the pension of a Dolgelly widow, who lost two sons in the war, from £1 to 8s. 5d. a week! As the poor old soul is suffering from cancer, the local Guardians have supplemented the niggardly allowance by granting her 10s. a week out-relief. The brilliant officials responsible for such miserable cheeseparing should be sacked!

No Heroes Need Apply.

We should like to know what objection the committee of the Conservative Club at Kirkham, Lancs, have to a disabled soldier as steward. Twice recently they have advertised the post as vacant, and twice they have appointed a man with other occupation, ignoring the applications of disabled ex-Service men, well qualified for the job, who have only miserable pittances of pensions to exist on. Perhaps Lord Stanley, the President, can explain.

The Father Who Wasn't.

Six little mites, in a house that was not a home in High Street, Bolton-on-Dearne, were motherless. Worse still, they had for their father callous Arthur Dodsworth, whose love for card-playing at his club prompted him to leave them without food and without fire, and but for the splendid humanity on many occasions of Mrs. Elsie Foster, they must have starved. For his cruel neglect Dodsworth has been given six months. May the prison life inspire some sense of duty in his hard heart.

Spilling a Tribute.

Charles G. M. Rae, 41, Argyle Street, Burnley, was too late to save the life of a five-year-old boy who fell into the Leeds and Liverpool Canal and was drowned, but he dived into the water under a tunnel, and at the risk of his own life recovered the body. At the inquest the Coroner paid a well-deserved tribute to Rae's courage, and made him a special grant of half a crown! The reward belittles a brave act.

Sub-Postmaster's Pay.

Of all classes of official employees sub-postmasters are the worst off by far. Their purely nominal salaries have been reduced and their expenses increased so that the job is a burden rather than a help. And the conditions of service are such that they are kept in a state of semi-slavery. It is up to the Postmaster-General either to make sub-postmastership worth while or drop the system.

Blood on the Coal.

There is no need for the mining industry to go out of its way to make trouble. But that is what will happen if Dr. Griffiths, the Medical Officer of Health for Neath reports accurately. He says that among the adult miners, chest and throat troubles are very prevalent owing to the absence of pit-head baths. In view of the terrible living conditions in mining districts the least the industry can do is to provide these baths for their workers.

Buying Trouble.

The Old Street Magistrate says it is imperative that something should be done to prevent the sale of worn-out horses to ignorant men. We said so long ago. Small traders, innocent of any knowledge of horseflesh, requiring a horse for a growing business, are often fobbed off with a worn-out wreck in such a condition that they are prosecuted for cruelty as soon as they attempt to work the animal. This miserable trade must be stamped out.

Name, Please!

On its medical list the Lancashire Insurance Committee has one known money-grabber, and there may be more of his type. This man has made a practice of inducing panel patients to take private treatment, and £81 or more he has charged them for this he has now to refund. His retention on the list is to be considered, but why is his identity being kept secret? Publicity for such men is a right punishment, and the plain path of public duty.

A Typical Hun.

That prurient Hungarian scoundrel, Moritz Herman Foxter, who is managing director of The Oxford Pleating Company, Sidney Street, Oxford Street, Manchester, has been sent for twelve months to prison, where he ought to have been long ago. His firm employed eight women, and six of these complained of his conduct towards them. He lured an eighteen year old girl into his office and molested her. When Foxter is deported the country will be well rid of a licentious monster.

Prosecuting the Homeless.

As they could not get a house, John Cheed, his wife, and five children—one of the latter being a baby a few weeks old—were compelled to live in a cart and a tent, in a lane near Harrow. The Hendon Rural District Council prosecuted Cheed for failing to abate a nuisance—the nuisance being caused by Cheed's make-shift "home." The Bench solemnly ordered him to abate the nuisance, but their only suggestion as to how he could do it was that his family should move into the workhouse! Surely it was unnecessary to drag Cheed to Court to tell him that!

The Limit in Meanness.

That widows have their pensions reduced if they take tea with a son or daughter is the incredible meanness disclosed by the Leeds War Pensions Committee, in a protest to the Pensions Ministry. Bureaucrats make Bolsheviks here as they made them in Czarist Russia.

Why Women Won't Work.

Here is a simple explanation why women drawing unemployment pay are not over keen on accepting a casual day's work. A Dalston reader put in a day in the refreshment rooms at Wembley, on the occasion of the Cup Final. She left home at 7 a.m., and returned at 9.30 p.m. She received 5s. for her day's work. After paying for fares, food, and insurance stamps she was exactly one penny in pocket!

The End of the Road.

Leon Bernstein, the notorious gas-mantle swindler, has travelled the road which always has a gaol at the end. The premises of his "London Wholesale Company," in the Mile End Road, consist of a two-room tenement. Small shopkeepers were Bernstein's dupes, and the promises he made to induce them to purchase his cheap mantles were never kept. During the next twelve months they will be safe.

The Right Stuff.

Louisa Whatley, a Caledonian Road kitchen-maid, is made of the right British stuff. She went to the assistance of a policeman who had been knocked down, bitten and kicked by a brute named Gerrans, in an Islington street. Though she herself was kicked by Gerrans, Louisa succeeded in blowing the constable's whistle, which brought three more police to the scene. Her pluck was a striking contrast to the conduct of the craven mob who looked on while the officer was being mauled.

The Man-hater.

It is interesting to note that Miss F. Grasty, the "pretty girl"—they're all "pretty" in the Sunday papers—who won the Ministry of Pensions walk to Brighton, proudly declares herself a man-hater. Numerous readers have asked us whether this accounts for the delay in the settlement of pensions at Burton Court, where she is employed. We hope not, though the scandalous neglect of the interests of war heroes in that Department lends a strong colour to the idea.

Tragedies of Ignorance.

When Arthur James Sproson returned to his home in Commercial Place, Huddersfield, he found his daughter, Annie Rebecca, and her two year old brother, Douglas, hanging from the banisters. Had he cut them down at once their lives might have been saved. Instead of doing that he and another man waited until the police arrived. Then it was too late. The men's excuse that they did not know whether they would be doing right or wrong adds another to the long list of tragedies of ignorance and lack of common-sense.

The Pot-house Peer's Gush.

Undeterred by repeated exposure, that flatulent financier Lord Haldon continues to send out circulars from 21a, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C., containing gush about the fortunes to be made by entrusting three guineas to the Oil Lease Investment Company. He says: "I appreciate the privilege of being in the position to make you this offer, which I personally stand back of in every particular." The American film producers who caricature the British nobility must surely have taken this pot-house peer as a pattern!

Cotless Couples.

So few houses have been built in Bradford during the past ten years that it has only been possible to provide a house for one out of every twenty-three couples married. A deplorable state of affairs, which has probably been the cause of many marriage failures. Cotless couples are rarely happy in other people's nests.

Modern Fagin.

Manchester has its professional "fences" who make huge profits by receiving and dealing with the goods they encourage youths to steal. In some cases they provide the implements with which the robberies are committed. One of these rascals was responsible for Albert Connolly and James Devine, two youths, breaking into a house at Blackley. The police should quickly lay this fellow by the heels.

Assisting Nature!

£21 damages and costs have been awarded to Miss E. Preston of Dewsbury, in regard to hair-dye supplied by B. Hickman, of Leeds. Ten days after using it she became much disfigured on the hands, face and neck, and for three months was attended by a doctor. Perhaps this will be a lesson to those foolish people who think they can improve upon Nature, particularly by using Hickman's treatment.

Crazy Cattle Keeper.

Thomas Rudyard of Crofts Bank Farm, Davyhulme, was fined £20 for underfeeding his cattle. Several of the cows (twelve months old) were no larger than calves, while others were simply skin and bone. It was stated in defence that Rudyard was mentally defective, and it would therefore have been more to the point if he had been put in an asylum out of harm's way. Other persons have been treated in this manner with much less cause.

A Shameful Stipulation.

"Clean Boy as kitchen porter in private hotel. Must have experience and good references. No one who has received the dole need apply." The person who inserted this advertisement in a contemporary did not have the pluck to give his name and address, or some of the unemployed might have given themselves the pleasure of letting him know what they think of the shameful stipulation that those who have availed themselves of the insurance benefits, towards which they are compelled by law to contribute, should not offer themselves for the job.

The Ten Shilling Temper.

When a man named Bye and his mother were charged at Wood Green with unmercifully beating a horse, one of the women witnesses was so overcome by her recollection of the horrible sight that she burst into tears. Another, recalling how the mother seized the whip from her son and savagely thrashed the animal, declared she thought it would be cut to pieces. The only excuse offered by Bye for his brutality was that he lost his temper, and the only punishment inflicted was a fine of ten shillings! Well may women weep!

The Hun Intellect.

Writing in support of the appeal being made by the Universities Committee of the Imperial War Relief Fund for money for German and Austrian university students, the Archbishop of Canterbury says: "It would be disastrous were the contributions made to the intellectual life of Europe by the German-speaking universities to be thwarted or crippled." Frankly we cannot understand this craze to help Germans, or other foreigners, while there are so many of our own people on the verge of starvation. And there are brilliant sons of poor British parents who would welcome educational facilities.

Living and Dying.

At the congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health, at Scarborough, Dr. J. R. Kaye, Medical Officer for the West Riding, gave terrible instances of lack of housing accommodation. In one case 13 persons occupied one bedroom, in another 12 persons had one bedroom, including a daughter of 21, suffering from tuberculosis. In Durham, 28.5 per cent. of the population lived two to a room. So they live and so they die whilst politicians prattle.

Profiteering in Souls.

Methylated spirits, easily obtained without a question being asked as to its use, is doing incalculable harm amongst women in the north. They form clubs and have drinking orgies in one another's homes in the absence at work of their husbands. Almost indescribable scenes occur when women become frantic under the influence of the spirits. The way to suppress the growing evil is to tackle those who profit by destroying lives.

Driven off the Streets.

It is hard that ex-Servicemen struggling to earn a living should be deprived of the little means left them. At Leytonstone the Council have withdrawn their consent for the carrying on of street markets in several thoroughfares and called in and cancelled the permits issued to individual stall-holders. The harshness of the decision is aggravated by the fact that the Council have apparently made no effort to provide the men they have driven off the streets with alternative accommodation. They might at least enlarge the workhouse.

The Barrier of Constraint

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A POTENT hindrance to felicity in the home or among persons closely associated is the queer fact that intimacy so often seals the lips.

A film of shyness easily grows up between two souls, preventing them from giving due expression to their feeling for each other.

Many people are more natural, more completely themselves, in the company of strangers than with those they love best.

It is easier sometimes to give one's confidence to an outsider than to a member of the family circle, not because the former is necessarily kinder, more loyal or more sympathetic than the latter, but because of sheer inability to open one's heart unreservedly to those who share one's life.

The reason for this appears to be that if we are accustomed to meet a person habitually on one level of intercourse it is difficult to change that level for another at will; some emotional shock is required for the readjustment of relations, and we instinctively shrink from emotional shocks.

To keep fellowship on the level of the prosaic, the hum-drum, the trifling, is to denude it of interest and charm.

Treat your loved ones as though you do not care to understand or value them, and the time will come when you and they have grown too far apart to be able or possibly desirous to make good the loss.

Affection is worth battling for, and it can only flourish in an atmosphere where it is bountifully recognised.

It wilts and dwindles unless it find utterance.

There is no more merit in being undemonstrative than in being fussy and voluble.

Suffer no invisible walls to separate you from your fellow-soul.

Mistaken Charity.

No one wishes to handicap St. Dunstan's in providing relief for the blind, but it is to be hoped that they will not do anything to handicap other workers. It appears that St. Dunstan's are selling mats below cost price and so harming other blind workers who have to earn a living by mat-making.

Do We Want This?

"Voters are shocked at the nation-wide hypocrisy and lawlessness, and at the nation-wide traffic, illicit, uncontrolled and untaxed, in alcoholic liquors." Thus spake Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, concerning the Killjoys' Paradise-Prohibition. And there are people who want that sort of thing over here!

Prussianising the Police.

There is an unpleasant aroma of Prussianism about the ukase ordering the London police to salute commissioned officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force, as well as the King's Colours. The police are not soldiers, and the spirit requiring them to salute officers who have nothing whatever to do with them is more akin to pre-war Berlin than London. Nobody wants the London "Bobby" transformed into a saluting automaton!

Jaundiced Justice.

Richard Price Lewis is a married man of Llanelly. In a railway carriage he felt constrained to molest a young lady by putting his hands on her knees and finally kissing her. All of which might be very innocent. Evidently the local magistrates think it no offence to law or morals for a man to interfere with a girl in a railway carriage, for they "did not think he meant very much wrong," and fined him 10s. How considerate of them!

A Red Rotter.

Five years ago Nathaniel Wilkins deserted his wife at Maesteg. Recently a pamphlet issued by the Red International Labour Union fell into her hands. It was signed by her husband, as the "national organising secretary." So the son went to London to see his father. He found him in a magnificent suite of offices, and in receipt of £13 a week. This Red organiser tried to turn his son out and refused to maintain his wife. But as this is not Russia he has been ordered to pay £3 10s. weekly towards maintaining his wife and three children.

Gold Coast Cadgers.

It is a pity the missionaries who thrive on pennies contributed in Sunday-schools cannot teach Gold Coast niggers some better occupation than cadging fountain pens, silk handkerchiefs, and pocket electric torches from perfect strangers whose names and addresses they find in newspapers. Judging from the number of effusive epistles of the kind which are forwarded to us, the greater part of the mail from those delectable regions is made up of such preposterous letters. One John B. Ketson alone seems to spend a small fortune in stamps.

Memorials Made in Germany.

In view of the wholesale dumping in this country of German granite in the form of tombstones, and the extent to which such stone has been used for war memorials to our heroes slain by the Huns, it is highly desirable that monumental masons should be required to give a certificate that their wares are of British manufacture. Large numbers of Hunnish atrocities in stone are on sale in the Liverpool, Manchester and Bradford districts, and South Wales is being exploited by the German agents. It is enough to make our British dead turn in their graves.

An Elusive Rascal!

AN example of the trials and tribulations that await the unwary seeker for employment is provided in the experiences of Mr. J. Nelson Miles, of 82, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., which included the very distressing one of standing in the dock to answer a criminal charge.

Mr. Miles replied to an advertisement emanating from an office at 107, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., in which it was stated that the services of an accountant were required.

Subsequently he called by invitation, and met a Mr. Kirby. Mr. Kirby is William Cecil Kirby, the young rascal whom we described in a recent article as "the boy the police can't catch."

Mr. Miles did not know this, or naturally he would have withdrawn on the spot. He also met a Mr. G. E. Chesterton. This man is also known by the name of Robert Pemberton, a bookmaker, about whom many complaints have been made. Miles was also introduced to a colleague of Chesterton known as Frederick Paterson.

Paterson and Chesterton, who were in conjunction running a Business Consultant's Agency at that address, introduced him in the course of his duties, to a Mr. Adolphus Gustave Krumm, who had come to their office in search of capital.

Krumm represented a film concern called Super Productions, Limited, and had several German films which he wished to put on the market here. He explained that these films were in the possession of a firm which was repairing and translating them. Miles was invited to invest £1,500 and exploit them; or, failing that, to raise enough money to pay the repairer's bill and get them out so that they could be dealt with.

Miles raised £40 and paid that sum over to the firm as part of the bill. With letters of authority from Krumm, he got possession of the films and tried to market them. He failed.

The next step was that he was arrested on a charge of stealing them! He was taken to Brixton Prison, a painful episode, and when he was finally brought before the magistrate, after two remands, the case was dismissed with the observation that it ought never to have been brought!

Mr. Miles is naturally entitled to ask if this matter is to be allowed to rest where it is. We agree with him that he ought to obtain adequate redress for his suffering and expense.

We think, too, for the benefit of others, who may be in search of business openings, that some publicity ought to be directed upon a place where introductions are made by rascals like the elusive Kirby and we recommend the police to make such enquiries in this connection as may safeguard innocent and unwary people who may be lured by specious advertisements into transactions which may land them, through no fault of their own, in the dock.

Who Shields the Wicked Woman?

FOR what reason is Queenie Gerald, the notorious despoiler of innocence, left immune from interference by the police? Since our exposures she has, it is true, been more discreet regarding the manner in which she has carried on her practices, but she has not made any attempt to "run straight" as this article shows.

QUEENIE GERALD, the notorious and unscrupulous woman who boasts the bad eminence of supremacy in London's underworld, is still at large.

She is not quite the same insolent and brazen harpy she was before we stepped between her and her prospective victims, and laid her infamous record bare before the world.

Before then she scoffed at the police, and boasted openly of the influential friends upon whom she could rely for protection.

She still preserves her mysterious immunity. The police still seem unable either to track her down, or to bring her to book for her many gross and indescribable offences.

Scotland Yard made certain enquiries into our outspoken allegations. They did not make the enquiries in the right quarter. In the picturesque American phrase, they were barking up the wrong tree!

Queenie sat tight—and waited. Sometimes, in a spirit of cynical audacity, she went about actually posing as a lady detective from Scotland Yard, with a titled husband occupying a prominent official position abroad. An impudent trick—and one that does not show much fear of official retribution.

Queenie, even in the temporary retirement caused by unwelcome publicity, cannot go straight.

She not only revels in lust and vice, but in many other forms of misconduct. Above all, she is animated by the spirit of revenge.

That is one of her ways of amusing herself. If she quarrels with anybody, or takes a dislike to anybody, she delights to thwart and irritate, and, if possible, punish them. She has "got her own back," as she regards it, from victims innumerable.

She owes money all over the place—to people who have crossed her. She aims at double-crossing them.

One of them is a retired solicitor, Mr. P. Collings, of The Grange, Harmondsworth, Yiewsley, Middlesex.

This gentleman is the landlord of 9, Maddox Street, W., where Queenie lived for a time.

He did not know the kind of woman she was—until he read our articles. He did not know she occupied the flat, which he had let, not to Queenie Gerald, but to a great and intimate friend of hers.

He ordered her out. She brazenly refused to go. He took her to Court, and won. She was ejected. Mr. Colling is still endeavouring to recover the costs of his action.

There are many others. A West-End dressmaker is doing her utmost—through a solicitor—to serve her with a writ. She knows her creditor needs the money. She is resolved she shall not get it. That is her revenge.

Queenie is at present stopping at 27, Albemarle Street, in a furnished flat. A man who went there to serve a writ upon her was informed that she had gone away.

But she is there—calling herself Madame Gaynor—and on the very day this writ was returned, she spoke from that address on the telephone!

Revenge and spite—these are the qualities Queenie shows to those who dispute her imperious and unpleasant ways.

Queenie had a friend, one Ella French, alias Wingfield. This woman kept a disorderly house at 6, East Chapel Street. Queenie, driven from pillar to post, calmly proposed to establish herself at Mrs. French's place—and share the proceeds.

Mrs. French refused. She was doing very well. She had paid a big premium for the place. Why should she share it with another?

They quarrelled. Queenie, after a tempestuous scene, swept out of the place, boasting of her influence with the police, and threatening Mrs. French with a raid.

Ella French, alias Wingfield, in due course was raided. She got two months.

Queenie lay low—and said nothing. Raids on other people have no terrors for her.

She laughed and went on dodging her creditors, and waiting an opportunity to renew her activities as a trafficker in vice.

We have given her present address. We doubt if it will help her creditors much. As soon as these lines appear, it is probable that she will flit, as she always did before on being exposed.

But it is a scandal that this woman should be able so long and so persistently to defy the law, and to pursue unchecked a career of vice, dishonesty and wrong-doing of the most malevolent type.

Selling Pups and Pianos!

WE wonder how many unfortunate out-of-works have confided half-crowns to an individual who advertises homework—by which £4 weekly may be earned—using various names but always the same address, namely, 39, Burton Road, Brixton, London, S.W.

The scheme propounded to those who are foolish enough to send him money is one of the most astounding that has come within our knowledge.

The would-be homeworkers are recommended to become middlemen in the piano business. They are assured that the profits on pianos are very large, which we do not for one moment doubt. But the methods by which they are instructed to enter the business seem far more likely to result in penal servitude than profit.

"With satisfactory references you can get your pianos on credit, and thus start, and go on, without any real capital." This is their preamble.

Applicants are instructed, first, to have memos. printed describing themselves as "dealers in pianos and all kinds of musical instruments." On these memos. they are advised to write for quotations to a piano-maker, who will put any name on the flap of the instrument. Having got their piano, on cash or credit, they must instal it in their best furnished room and advertise it for sale as the property of a lady or gentleman who must sell, and is willing to accept £32 10s. for an instrument for which they pretend £45 has been paid.

It does not appear to have occurred to the authors of this ingenious scheme that the selling in this manner of pianos obtained on credit may easily involve a tyro in the trade in a criminal charge.

The names and addresses of the actual makers of pianos, according to these people, are trade secrets.

The chameleon-like changes in the name of the perpetrators of this preposterous ramp are most bewildering. The original offer is contained in advertisements under the names of Day, Lipton and Jefferies. The proposition is put forward either by "Wilton, Hallett and Co.," or "Williams and Young."

Wilton, Hallett and Co. quote "the well-known journalist and dramatic author, H. Stanley Wells, Esq., who has written for the *New York Herald*, and other famous publications, and who is the author of 'The Ivory Gate,' 'The Bells of Normandy,' 'East Lynne' (n.v.), 'Saint George's, Hanover Square,' 'Through Thick and Thin,' and many other dramatic pieces," in support of their scheme; while "Williams and Young" quote "the well-known journalist and dramatic author, G. Wentworth Hall, Esq.," who, strange to say, has not only had the same journalistic career, and been responsible for the authorship of the same dramatic pieces, but has, by a coincidence, given them the same testimonial, word for word.

From a letter addressed by "Williams and Young" to a reader who applied for the return of his half-crown on discovering the shady nature of the money-making scheme proposed, we gather that another proposal is likely to emanate shortly from the same quarter, and we strongly advise anyone seeking honest homework to have nothing whatever to do with any scheme advertised from this address.

Queer Conduct At Big Institution

THREE little mites, the eldest only eleven years of age, the children of a soldier who died for his country, found themselves in the Barnardo institution, and have learned by bitter experience how devoid of the milk of human kindness charity officials can be. We cannot understand the motive underlying the action of these officials, but their lack of sympathy and even heartlessness is apparent.

WE have had occasion from time to time to make emphatic protests against what seemed to us the contumacious carelessness shown in certain cases by some of our great charitable institutions, in dealing with little children entrusted to their charge.

An illustration of the very grave danger to which children may thus be exposed is to be found in the story of three orphans, who would all have been emigrated to Canada—one in fact actually went and was brought back—had it not been for the intervention of a kind-hearted friend who found one of their relatives and obtained homes for them.

These little mites were the offspring of a soldier who was killed in the war. They were sent to the Barnardo Institutions under custody orders issued by a Yorkshire Bench of Magistrates. Eighteen months later the boy, Edward Bosley, then eleven years of age, was migrated to Canada.

According to his own story, this boy attended no school in Canada after his first fortnight there. Questioned as to where he had been, the youth could not tell. He could only say that he was put on the train, sent a long, long journey, met somewhere by a farmer, and taken to a farm, where he worked from morn till night. He could not give the names or places where he was. Had he remained in England, he would have had to attend school until he was fourteen.

This is a very disturbing incident. Even more disturbing is the story of his two little sisters, Lily and Mary. It was proposed to emigrate them to Canada also, and by this time they would probably have been many thousands of miles away, had it not been for the intervention of Mr. John Pritchett, of 59, Grange Street, Derby, who came on the scene just in time to save them.

It was due to no merit on the part of the Barnardo Institution that Mr. Pritchett was able to intervene. He would have done so long before had the Institution intimated to him, as it certainly ought to have done, that the children were there.

He had known them before they were taken to Barnardo's Homes, and had shown them much kindness; so much so, in fact, that they always called him "Uncle." But he lost sight of them until a chance communication told him where they were.

Why should it have been left to chance? Here is an amazing example of what we have called contumacious carelessness. Constantly the children told such of the Barnardo authorities as they came in contact with that they had an "uncle" in Derby. Why was he not communicated with?

One of the little girls—poor, deserted little mite—wrote hopefully time after time to her "uncle." She knew that if a letter could only reach him, he would come at once to the rescue and save her from what must be to any child of such tender years the dread and formidable adventure of being shipped away to a strange land far across the seas.

Her letters never reached him. She had in her heart supreme confidence in her "uncle's" kindness. But she had no money in her purse. She had no friend to give her the stamp to post the letter on which all her hopes were centred. And so the letters did not go. Rules are rules, and stamps are stamps.

One day, after her passage and that of her sister had been arranged, a kind-hearted visitor found her crying bitterly in the grounds, clutching in her hands an unposted letter to the one human being in this world who could help her, and to whom, for two long years, she had been fruitlessly trying to appeal.

Touched by her moving story, the good Samaritan visitor took the letter from the weeping child, stamped it and posted it to Mr. Pritchett. From that moment the whole outlook of these fatherless children was changed. A ray of sunshine came straight into their lives.

Mr. Pritchett, an engine driver in Derby, showed himself a man of action as well as a man of feeling. He went straight to the Barnardo Girls' Village Home, Barkingside, Essex, and asked that these little girls be handed over to him, as he was willing to find a home for them. He was told that arrangements had been made for their migration, and he states that the Matron told him that he would not be able to stop them from going.

He went to Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and to Alderman Green, M.P., the latter of whom told him that the Home Secretary declined to interfere, as Pritchett was not a relative of the children.

But the kind-hearted engine-driver declined to regard the battle as lost. He wrote to the Seamen's and Firemen's Union asking for their assistance in the matter, and he also set to work to find a blood-relative of the children. In five days he found their grandfather, who at once offered to assist in providing for the little ones.

The Barnardo authorities gave every assistance in their power, and did their best to retrieve the error which might have had such serious consequences, and the children—after certain legal formalities—were handed over to Mr. Pritchett.

Further, at their own expense, they brought back the boy—who obviously ought never to have been sent to Canada—and the little family is now happy with those who were able so providentially to stretch forth a helping hand.

If adequate enquiries had been made, these children would not have been kept for two years at the expense of the charitable public, nor exposed to the risk of finding a career for themselves across the seas while their own relatives were willing to safeguard and provide for them here.

It was a similar contumacious carelessness in making enquiries that exposed to grave peril the boy, Edward Hood, who was taken away from a Barnardo Institution by the man Abraham, who has since disappeared, and whose doubtful character we exposed in a recent article.

Since our exposure we have received a letter from Mr. William McCall, Chairman of the Council to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

In this letter, Mr. McCall does not deny our statements that this boy Hood was taken away by a man who was utterly unfit to have the custody of young boys. He does not deny our contention that if he had made a direct inquiry from the firm with which this boy was supposed to have obtained employment, he would have found that no such employment was offered, and that the man who purported to offer it was a fraud and a humbug.

What he does say is that he was deceived by the individual we exposed, but that the incident was not typical, and could only occur by one of those sheer inadvertencies from which no organisation, however carefully managed, could be entirely immune.

These are fine phrases. The fact remains that the boy Hood was taken away by a thoroughly undesirable character, and kept by him in his lodgings for several weeks, and that the employment promised for him did not materialise.

Our contention was that adequate enquiries would have safeguarded this boy from the dreadful danger to which he was exposed. In exactly the same way, adequate enquiries would have resulted in the three Bosley children being restored to their relatives instead of being put on an emigration list.

We repeat that, in the interests of children entrusted to our charitable institutions, much greater care should be exercised; and that before the responsibility for such children is transferred, the utmost caution should be observed and the utmost pains taken to ensure that the best is done for them and for their future.

HUSH-HUSH GUARDIANS

Penalising Honesty and Protecting Fraud

WE have kept silence for some weeks regarding the grave official scandal which lay behind the forced resignations of one permanent and whole-time Relieving Officer and two assistant Relieving Officers at Edmonton, to which we recently drew attention, but in view of the continued inactivity of the Guardians in the matter we have no alternative but to demand a Public Inquiry by the Ministry of Health.

The officials referred to were A. L. Binder, who was appointed Relieving Officer in January, 1922, Percy Wild, who had been a temporary assistant since September, 1921, and a man named Cook, who was engaged in a similar capacity just before Christmas last.

Wild, at the latter end of last year, found some difficulty in balancing the books, and became suspicious regarding certain entries. After making a close investigation of the accounts, he discovered a number of irregularities in dealing with the money entrusted to the Relieving Officers for the purposes of out-door relief, and made a report on the matter to the Clerk to the Guardians, giving details of his discoveries.

In consequence of the report made by Wild, all three Relieving Officers were suspended, and later forced to resign after a hole and corner inquiry from which the Press were excluded.

That Wild, who was instrumental in bringing these irregularities to the notice of the Guardians, should have been penalised for his honesty and thrown out of employment in this fashion is a monstrous injustice. That anyone who plundered the public funds entrusted to him for relief, should be protected from prosecution by the inactivity of the Guardians, is nothing short of a grave official scandal.

Shortly after his suspension, Wild discovered that slanderous statements were being made against him locally—references as to what a fool he had been to rob the Guardians and lose his position over it, and so on—and wrote to the Clerk asking for the publication of a statement exonerating him from complicity in the fraud which would enable him to refute these slanders.

The Clerk to the Guardians thereupon wrote to him, under date 5th March, 1923, as follows:—

"I have your letter of the 3rd inst. and regret to hear of the aspersions made against you.

"You did not, either directly or indirectly, rob the Guardians of any money, and your failure to obtain the appointment of temporary Relieving Officer was due simply to the fact that there were other candidates for the position who the Guardians considered better qualified.

"You are quite at liberty to use this letter to refute any allegations made against you."

Notwithstanding this, Wild is now in a state of destitution, and the real culprit is allowed to escape just punishment.

HOUSES EXCHANGED FOR GIRLS

Is a house a fair exchange for a dark domesticated young lady? A certain individual mentioned in this article seems to think so. Does he have the sanction of his employers for his strange activities?

WE advise our readers to give a wide berth to a concern called the Utility Insurance Company, Limited, whose head office is situated at 7, East Parade, Leeds.

This concern was registered at Somerset House about a year ago, the directors being Mr. F. Tungale Hooper, of the Bungalow, Barker Hill, Leeds; Mr. C. G. Woodham, Publisher, of Poynton Rd., Tottenham, N., with Miss G. A. Hulme as the Secretary.

The Company sends out some very alluring literature dealing with the national scandal of the shortage of houses. All sorts of people, it may be added, are busily engaged in exploiting this shortage.

The Utility Insurance Company, Ltd., has a nominal capital of £1,000. It is a private company, and is therefore under no obligation to publish balance sheets, and it is obviously poorly equipped to find houses for the hundreds of thousands of people who are seeking them.

But it approaches this problem in quite a surprising spirit. For example, its London agent, Mr. J. Lowrison, of 7, Goldsmith Square, Stoke Newington, N.16, was recently applied to by a prospective client from Port Talbot, who desired to get a house.

He got back a letter, not on separate notepaper, not even typewritten, but scrawled on the back of his own letter.

In the course of this reply, Mr. Lowrison wrote: "If you will help me in finding a young wife—I will help you in getting a house. Do you know of a young lady about 30, short, dark, domesticated, who would love a good home. If so tell her to write to me."

We need not emphasise the brazen impertinence of a letter of this kind. The people who are offering to solve the housing problem and at the same time seeking short, dark domesticated young women do not need any further characterisation from us.

They are obviously intent upon business, but not the kind of business which can be relied upon to give safe and substantial assistance to those who desire to acquire the ownership of the houses they occupy.

We should be glad to know whether Mr. F. Tungale Hooper and Mr. C. G. Woodham, plus Miss G. A. Hulme, Secretary, unreservedly approve of the eagerness of their London Divisional Manager to find, in such spare time as he can snatch from solving the housing problem, young ladies about 30, short, dark and domesticated, who would love a good home.

Those who are really in search of facilities for house purchase, and who may not have in their circle of acquaintances a superfluity of short, dark, domesticated young women, may like to know something of the prospects offered by this company for house purchase. They will find that after they have paid three years' premiums, they "may" obtain a loan out of the funds "available for that purpose." There is really nothing to show they will get a loan from the funds.

Whether there will be any funds so available is a matter upon which no very dependable guarantees are offered. Instead of such guarantees there is vague and alluring talk of a bonus. But there is nothing to indicate, with any reasonable certainty, that such a bonus will be forthcoming.

This doubt seems to have depressed some of the investors in this company. A Mr. George Hogben, who was appointed an agent by Lowrison, induced certain people to become policy holders. They were not all satisfied with the conditions offered them. One of them, Mr. Potter, of 22, Oben St., Poplar, demanded his money back.

The company offered to pay it back less fees charged in the matter. This did not satisfy the client, and the result was that the agent himself had to refund his commission in order to restore the client's money.

It is as well that prospective investors should be acquainted with these facts before they are tempted to yield to the alluring suggestions of the highly-coloured pamphlets issued to the homeless by this Company, with arresting titles such as "Why Young Men Do Not Marry," and "Home Sweet Home—and Not a Brick Is Mine!"

ASKING FOR ANARCHY

The amazing efforts which Communists, Bolshevists and Anarchists are making to gain sufficient hold in this country to accomplish its ruin are clearly revealed by the facts of this exposure.

FEW people may have realised how serious is the story that is at the bottom of the prosecution very recently of two dangerous revolutionaries, Fritz Gueza and Kovsi Istaven.

Both are Hungarians, and both landed here without the permission of the authorities. Fritz and Kovsi were sent here by the enemies of Great Britain to stir up trouble among our working men. They managed to get into London and at once made tracks to the dens which are known to be frequented by notorious revolutionaries.

They were, however, hunted down by the police and found at the home of "Comrade" Savage, one of the most mischievous revolutionaries in London, who lives in Cloudesley Road, Islington, and who is Secretary of the Finsbury Branch of the Communist Party. From documents found on them, it is proved conclusively that a serious plot is afoot to undermine law and order in this country.

London is to run with blood if the plotting of these revolutionaries is not stopped at once. It is scarcely to be believed, but there are at present in this country a band of firebrands who are openly preparing to wreck the British Empire and overthrow the King. Nothing is done to check these dangerous fanatics; no one is ready to take with due seriousness the careful campaigning by these traitors to wreak ruin and disaster upon the people. How is this intrigue being carried on?

First, by preaching anarchy under the cloak of politics; secondly, by poisonous literature which is being spread broadcast among the workmen in mines, shipyards, factories and quarries. Here revolutionary newspapers are sold by the puppets of these unprincipled propagandists by the thousand. For example, take the case of a man named Strudwick. In one year he himself sold no fewer than 3,252 copies of these revolutionary journals. Multiply this by the hundreds who are also similarly selling their country, and you have an idea of the damage which is being done.

Now who is paying for this precious propaganda? We estimate that something like £50,000 a week reaches the revolutionary leaders in this country. We are unable at present to lay our hand on the person or persons who send the money, but we can at any rate say with confidence that it comes via Moscow and Berlin! These two hotbeds of discontent pay something like 80,000 active agents to stir up strife in this country.

When a little while back the hunger marchers were enticed to Downing Street, it was officially stated that one of the leaders, a man named George William Wheeler, had been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for seditious speeches. But the Government, in making this interesting fact public, overlooked one little point: when Wheeler appeared before the Sunderland Magistrates it was stated that he had made this astonishing confession: "I don't care what weapons we may have to use. I am here to organise the workers to toss out the boss class. *I get five pounds a week* from the Third Internationale of *Moscow*. I have been engaged as a temporary organiser for the Northern District for about two months."

A damning statement! If proof were needed of the conspiracy on the part of the Soviet Government to create a revolution in this country, here it is! Yet the man was permitted to delude the hunger marchers into believing he was a genuine labour leader!

Not only is this type of agitator stirring up the working man, but he has his bloody fingers round the throat of our children. We have before us as we write a magazine called "The Young Comrade; International Magazine for Proletarian Children." It is purported to be published in New York and London at a price of threepence or three cents. Actually, however, it is directed from the revolutionary headquarters in Berlin and Moscow, for the address of the printer and publisher is Berlin—Schoeneberg! And the Editor is Edwin Hoernle, Berlin! Why do we permit this rag to circulate over here?

MUG-HUNTING SHYLOCKS . . . . . Shady Moneylender's Brazen Touts

"BEING a private individual with idle capital to dispose of I can arrange an advance for you at £7 for each £100 lent. Interest payable quarterly. You can 'phone or write me. No business done on moneylenders terms. Pardon me for writing you. Believe me, yours truly, J. C. LUBBOCK."

If any of our readers get a letter in these terms, with this signature, and addressed from 1, West Cromwell Road, S.W., ('Phone: Western 4510), we advise them to deal with it as was done by Mr. B. T. Jacklin, of 18, Havant Road, Walthamstow.

Mr. Jacklin had never heard of Mr. Lubbock, did not want to have anything, and had no need to have anything, to do with moneylenders. He was naturally indignant at receiving such a letter, and in return sent him a postcard "Try some other likely mug, and do not write me again."

Mr. Jacklin may be congratulated on his perspicacity. Mr. Lubbock modestly describes himself as a private individual. He does not say, what we say for him, that "John C. Lubbock" is an alias for John Charles Crichton Loftus Tottenham, formerly a Lieutenant in the Guards, later a financial agent, and at one time an undischarged bankrupt.

He is now a tout employed by a man called Hicks, who has rooms at 1, West Cromwell Road, S.W. where he poses as a retired tradesman and offers to lend money. This is also an address of a former tout of Tottenham's named Edgar Rutter, who once served a term of penal servitude.

The other day Rutter wrote offering an advance to a lady, and got a guinea out of her on the promise to lend her money. Then he wrote saying that the actual lender was laid up with a shocking cold. When the lender may have been supposed to have recovered Rutter himself became very ill. Amidst all these tribulations of this moneylending clique, no money was forthcoming and the lady got nothing in return for her guinea.

Many other people have had similar experiences, for the activities of these people have continued for many years. These idle individuals with idle capital to dispose of are for the most part broken down hangers on of disreputable moneylenders, whose business it is to introduce the fly into the parlour of the spider.

The test of this kind of person is his demand for preliminary fees without any guarantee that any loan will be made. The best way to deal with these private pesterers is to let them severely alone. Nobody who ever had anything to do with them ever derived help or comfort from the connection.

SILLY YOUNG MEN OF OXFORD

Rat Hunts and Would-be Gentlemen

by SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

WHAT a curious lot of cubs there must be in residence in Oxford just now!

Of course we are all proud of the glorious University, with its traditions and scholastic revolts and how it kept the light of learning aflame in the dusky Middle Ages.

We may smile at the young gentleman who affects the superior Oxford accent, or even forgive the aspirant for literary honours who reminds us twice in every conversation and once in every article he writes that he was "at Oxford."

But we are getting rather "fed up" with Oxford, its banalities and its bad manners.

There were times when Oxford itself gloried in its brilliant freedom of thought, and there were lads who recognised there was dignity in being an undergraduate, devoting the most important years of their young manhood in becoming cultured English gentlemen. Nowadays, however, when Oxford appears "in the news" it is generally that there has been some vulgar rag—letting rats loose in the streets and then a killing hunt, throwing dead rats amongst old ladies who have taken shelter in confectioners' shops or, as was reported only the other day, tying with wire the bicycles of women students so that they could not ride home after attending lectures in their colleges.

What the courteous class of male students think of the silly stunts of their buffoon comrades one can only guess.

NOBODY objects to the display of healthy young spirits. There is a good deal to be said in favour of the undergrads being allowed good-naturedly to chaff distinguished but pompous personages who go down to Oxford pontifically to patronise them. A well-executed hoax at the expense of grave dons is legitimate and will be the cause of reminiscent amiable chuckling when the perpetrators become old boys. These things come within the catagory of being "good fun."

It is, however, not good fun to behave like a lot of inconsiderate rowdies, and raising guffaws by making elderly people unhappy or upsetting the plans of inoffensive folk who have no opportunity to retaliate on the aristocratic young hooligans, who shriek and yell, thinking, no doubt, they are having the time of their lives, whereas in fact they are behaving in a way which deprives them of the name of gentlemen.

I have no patience with those elders who smile at the conduct of these young fellows as merely working off steam, and who insist "boys must be boys."

Yes; but if the boys happen to work in mills or factories and they give expression to their youthful vigour by breaking down fences, disturbing partridges when nesting, or find crude joy by scampering across flower beds, the aforesaid elders wax indignant at the spirit of destruction which animates the industrial classes of the present day!

The slouching street corner lad in a manufacturing town who laughs when somebody hits an old man with a lump of dirt is no worse than the well-dressed, pocket-moneyed young Oxford swanker who lets rats loose in the street so that he may grin at the terrors of old ladies.

No doubt within the last few days a good many esteemed parents of Oxford lads have received letters from their bright sons giving merry accounts of the annoyance they were able to cause the women students by putting their bicycles out of action—narrated with a wealth of ill-spelling which is one of the characteristics of the ill-bred bounder.

THERE must be many Oxford men who are distressed at the disgraceful behaviour of which we have had of late too many instances.

Most Oxford graduates have the blessed advantage of belonging to nice families. They are not pushed into the world at an early age to toil for their own living. They have all the opportunities for cultivating refinement and showing regard for others.

Cannot they set the other young men of England a better example in conduct?

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE bare suggestion that Sir Robert Horne had been asked to become Chancellor of the Exchequer once again, gave us a pretty clear notion of the surplus brain-power on the Government benches. The suggestion was mooted on the very day that it was known Mr. Baldwin would be appointed Premier. Which means that no one else was even thought of at that moment as a possible alternative. Why?

Not to beat about the bush, Sir Robert was (officially speaking) an almost ideal Chancellor. In the House he had what one might call a "Budget" manner. He gave the impression of being quite at home with his subject—a heavy, compact, uninspiring manner, coupled with a genius for remaining utterly unmoved in the most trying circumstances. Under dire provocation from the Opposition benches he has been known to chuckle; and on one of these occasions he actually remarked to a companion: "How happy they look! I wish I could work myself up into such a state of excitement over nothing!" In a word, figures never flurry him; they are his natural media; he can express his personality in a balance-sheet as naturally as Mr. Lloyd George can express himself in a peroration.

SIR ROBERT HORNE

Then, too, at a very early date he gained the confidence of the great financiers. Such a gift, during the Premiership of Mr. Lloyd George, was invaluable. It gave stability to the Coalition government. For though the leading bankers never knew where they stood with the Prime Minister, an interview with Sir Robert Horne would always restore their confidence.

HE will never be a popular figure outside the House, because he has none of those telling platform tricks which evoke enthusiasm. Nor is he urged forward by optimistic beliefs. His attitude towards life is rather Balfourian. He takes things as they come, accepts society as at present established and does his job without caring in the least whether he receives praise or blame for it.

He likes being in Parliament because it gives him an opportunity to study his fellow-man at close quarters without discomfort to himself; and he enjoys taking office, because it appeals to his sense of propriety. Also the slings and arrows of envious criticism have about as much effect on him as water has on a duck's back.

HE moves through life in a lofty, self-possessed fashion. He tells amusing stories and is amused when they amuse his friends. His manner to strangers is almost invariably official and distant, though this is due to a natural reserve and isn't in any way related to the sort of snobbishness that envelops some politicians. Among friends he doffs this political mask and becomes expansive and genial.

When all's said, however, he remains primarily a figure-fancier. He prefers facts to fancies. He never reads a book for mere pleasure, but always for some solid profit. He rises with the lark, works hard, never wastes time—and makes a solemn duty of his recreations.

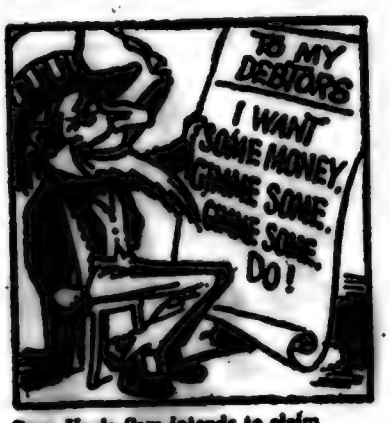
CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Now we're to-day an "Insect Play"
With beetles, ants and worms,
We quite expect to see one next
Where all the parts are germs.

If half the year you live abroad
You dodge your income-tax
And put the share you ought to bear
On other people's backs.

While other's eyes were on the prize
—Who in their fame outshone him—
In Baldwin's case the Premier's place
Was simply thrust upon him.



Soon Uncle Sam intends to claim
His cash from France and others;
He means to get in every debt
From all his war-time brothers.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Only a week or two ago you were telling your friends that your greatest ambition was to settle down in Worcestershire and keep pigs. Instead, you have been called upon to direct the affairs of the country. You'll have your work cut out, but I think you will succeed because you are a man of action rather than an orator. You're a dark horse in some respects, but you've got good points and I am backing you to win through. So get on with it and good luck to you. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. SIR MONTAGUE BARLOW, M.P.,
Ministry of Labour.

SIR,—Here is one more instance of stupid red-tape methods which requires your personal attention. An unemployed man, entitled to a whole month's unemployment benefit, went to an Ipswich Exchange and asked permission to telephone to a prospective employer, on the understanding that the cost should be deducted. Surely a moderate and reasonable request! But some fool of an official refused it because the job the man was after had not appeared on their books. Could anything be more fatuous? If the object of these exchanges is really to help people to find work I wish you would explain that fact to the people in charge of them. At present they seem to think the object is merely to provide them with fat salaries. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.,
Onslow Gardens, S.W.

DEAR MR. BONAR LAW,—It's bad luck to be laid aside like this and the whole country sympathises with you. More than any Prime Minister of recent times you have won our affection and our sincere respect by your honesty of purpose and your high-souled patriotism. It was no vaulting ambition that brought you back to office seven months ago, but only a deep sense of duty, and we thank you for your self-sacrifice while deploring the unhappy result upon your health. The Nation will not forget. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. COLVIN,
President of the Catholic Young Men's Guild.

SIR,—Your Church, which encourages Sunday games, does not as a rule breed killjoys, but they have found a brilliant specimen in you. Your vitriolic outburst at the Glasgow conference, when the Liverpool branch of your Society asked the executive to show more interest in the sporting side, was a remarkable exhibition of narrow-mindedness. The young men of Great Britain, you declared, have gone "sport mad." Sport in moderation, you say, is one of the safety valves for keeping passions under subjection, but what you object to is hearing the young men talk so much about it. If these remarks represent your view on manly games, your qualifications for the Presidency of a Young Men's Society are singularly poor. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. CAUSTON,
London Diocesan Mother's Union, Westminster.

DEAR MADAM,—I gather from you that the average age of the "Young mother" who attends the meetings of your Society is between sixty and seventy, and you suggest as a remedy that the meetings should be managed by a layswoman because most people thought a parson's wife deadly dull, stupid and difficult to get on with. I admire you for this bit of plain speaking. There are of course exceptions, but lots of parson's wives do convey the impression that it hurts them to smile. A male killjoy is bad enough but the female of the species is enough to turn the milk sour at any parish tea-fight. JOHN BULL.

To NEWMAN KING, Esq.,
Mayor of Keighley.

SIR,—The spirit of Bumbledon has evidently got into your head and caused a nasty swelling. Summoned at Warrington for dangerous driving you announced magnificently "I am the Mayor of Keighley and know what I am talking about." Shivering no doubt with fright the Bench let you off on payment of five shillings costs, and presumably you are now back at Keighley administering justice to your fellow law-breakers. But the electors of Keighley, if I am not mistaken, are wondering why they are afflicted with a pompous ass of a Mayor who has made their town a laughing-stock throughout the country.
JOHN BULL.

To Councillor HENBREY,
Hastings Board of Guardians.

SIR,—The scandal which you have brought to light is a national and not merely a local matter. If what you say is true, people are being sent to the asylum on the certificate of local doctors and found, after varying periods of observation, to be perfectly sane. This revives a horror which I thought had been done away with sixty years ago. I am glad to see that your Board is to have a full inquiry, but a purely local inquiry is not sufficient to deal with a grave matter of this kind, and it is your duty to see that the Ministry of Health is represented, so that the investigation may be thorough and the verdict above suspicion.
JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN, Bench of Magistrates,
Romford.

SIR,—From every point of view I deplore the sentence of a month's imprisonment which you and your brother magistrates handed out to Joseph Ward, summoned for arrears under a wife maintenance order. Ward had walked the streets without food in search of work and when he did get a job he was too weak to keep it and had to be taken to hospital. It was a stupid sentence because the man on leaving the hospital, well-fed and stronger, got employment, and by sending him to prison you throw the cost of keeping both him and his wife upon the public. Even if his cry for mercy failed to touch you, one might have expected you to show some common-sense.
JOHN BULL.

To Councillor HILL,
Rutherglen Burgh Council, Lanarkshire.

SIR,—You have been moved to righteous wrath by a proposal to hold a women's football match in the public park in aid of the local "Lest we Forget" Association. Such a thing would be wrong morally and physically, in your opinion, and it would be wrong for the community to look at it. I don't know that the spectacle would thrill me particularly, but all this blather about its morals is of course sheer bunkum. In was intended just as a playful exhibition to attract money for a good cause, but you've succeeded in diverting the cash to less worthy objects, so I suppose you're happy. When, I wonder, will local politics be purged of the mugwump microbe which produces freaks like you. JOHN BULL.

THAT NAUGHTY BOY AGAIN!

Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Llanfairfechan, made it plain that he now intends to alter his attitude and attack the Government.

DRIVER BALDWIN:—"It's all right, Sonny, we've got solid tyres!"

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

The Deportation Farce

TIME and again does the man in the street read of some alien convicted of a mean theft, or of an outrage upon a woman. Just as often does he give vent to expressions of satisfaction upon seeing that an indignant magistrate vindicates the majesty of outraged law by decreeing that the undesirable is to be deported at the end of his sentence.

But this satisfaction would be short-lived if the man in the street knew that in many cases this recommendation for deportation is nothing more than a hollow sham, and that in defiance of the little that can be done under existing conditions many of these scoundrels are still preying on Society and laughing in the face of the magistrate who talks of sending them home.

And the reason for this amazing state of affairs is that deportation is bound up with the absurd passport system, for the perpetration of which the officials of our own Foreign Office are mainly responsible.

It is a simple matter for a magistrate to say, "Deport this prisoner"; it is not so easy to carry out the order. For in view of our own attitude, most countries insist that persons returned to them shall be equipped with a passport or other papers, establishing their origin, and without such papers not a country in Europe will grant admittance.

A case in point is that of the young rascal Greenberg, against whom another order for deportation was made at Old Street the other day. Three times of late similar orders have been made against this man, but his native Russia refuses to provide him with a refuge.

There are many criminal aliens this country cannot get rid of for similar reasons. Out of eighty-three prisoners against whom orders have been made during the last twelve months, at least half still find shelter here.

There must be an effective method of getting rid of this scum of the earth, and the sooner our authorities devise one the better.

Penalties of Divorce

IN the House of Commons there is a Bill which will, if it becomes law, make divorce a more simple matter, and at the same time relieve those involved of much of the unpleasantness that at present prevails. In that Bill, however, there is no mention of one very important personage whose name is so high-sounding that it seems almost inconceivable that he has been forgotten, the more so as his whole existence depends, as it were, upon divorce and the efforts of distraught spouses to secure the elusive decree.

This personage is no other than the King's Proctor, to give him his official title. Many people have never heard of him. They are envied by those who have met him—or his representatives. The best way to simplify divorce would be severely to restrict the activities of this irritating individual and all his agents.

Here is a fair sample of what the King's Proctor can do—an actual case, mark you, and typical of many: A certain lady of irreproachable character secured a *decree nisi* against her husband on indisputable evidence. It so happened that this lady had a friend—nothing more or less—who, amongst other friends, was occasionally in her company. The King's Proctor heard of this, and one of his agents was sent out to investigate. His investigations consisted of visiting nearly all the houses in the vicinity of the one in which the lady's male acquaintance lived. The names of the two people were coupled in an undesirable manner, and tenants were asked impertinent questions as to what they knew of them.

The result may be well imagined. No "evidence" was obtained to indicate any suspicious circumstances in the friendship, but much serious harm was done to the characters of the innocent people concerned.

The department of the King's Proctor is a highly expensive one, and there has been no occasion when it has thoroughly justified its existence. There have been prosecutions, it is true, against parties who were so foolish as to fail to reveal the fact of their own misconduct when petitioning for a divorce, but these prosecutions have never roused any appreciation of the work of the King's Proctor. Rather have they produced much sympathy for the culprits.

If the King's Proctor is a necessary evil which the people must tolerate he will have to teach his spies better manners, or an irate public will see to it that he and they are relieved of the privilege of spending the £102,000 a year which the department costs.

The Table of Death

WE live in an age when medical science has attained a commendable proficiency, a proficiency for which we ought to be truly thankful. It is not unnatural, therefore, that we should expect that with each year that passes the number of deaths which take place while patients are under the influence of anæsthetics should materially decrease.

Such, unfortunately, is not the case. In one day a London coroner held three inquests on persons who had died in this way. His comment sums up the feelings of the average person very neatly: "It is a little disquieting," he says, "to find deaths occurring in this way, the more so that every care apparently has been taken."

The only criticism we would offer of this remark is that these deaths are more than "a little disquieting"—they are *extremely alarming*. This alarm is the more justified by the fact that there is really no reason at all why such deaths should not be reduced to an almost infinitesimal number. The average person is inclined to forget that the administrator of anæsthetics has a part to play during an operation as highly responsible as that of the surgeon who is performing it.

The Ministry of Health is at present conducting an inquiry into the question of such deaths. Those responsible will be well advised to include in the report a recommendation for the establishment of a stricter supervision of anæsthetists, and for a more thorough examination of the physical condition of the patients before the mode of anæsthesis is decided upon.

Why Charity Suffers

THIS country is properly proud of the splendid generosity with which the public so consistently responds to all legitimate appeals made upon it in the sacred name of charity.

Unfortunately, owing to defective organisation, and wide overlapping, a great proportion of the money so contributed is frittered away in "administrative expenses," a phase that covers a surprising number of large salaries.

There have been many suggestions made that an official inquiry ought to be held with the object of co-ordinating the work of our charities, and at the same time imposing a stricter supervision upon a large number of them whose administration is open to the gravest criticism.

This demand is still unsatisfied. As a result, there is reason to fear that the springs of charity are drying up. Our hospitals are struggling under a load of debt, and widespread suffering consequently goes unrelieved. The public today is just as willing as it always was to come to the rescue of those who are in need of help, but it will not contribute its money without guarantees that it is not to be wasted, especially on salaries for unnecessary officials.

Mr. H. Richmond, a member of the Committee of the Battersea Poor Children's Welfare Centre, complains that the Charity Organisation Society, which ought to give a lead in this connection, is itself in urgent need of reorganisation.

The activities of shameless exploiters of charity would be effectively restricted if there were an adequate and accepted system of national charity organisation. In its absence the public curbs its generosity and the penalty is paid by those who, under a better system, would be helped in misfortune and distress, but who are now left unaided because of the difficulty of being sure that money contributed for them will actually be expended for their benefit.

The Wireless Battle

IT is quite time that somebody told the hyper-sensitive artistes and others who are standing on their dignity and endeavouring to impose difficulties in the development of broadcasting that they are making themselves rather ridiculous. They ought to realise that broadcasting has come to stay, and that it is going to become one of the greatest instruments of human happiness.

All new inventions have met with very much the same reception. There is always to be found a number of people who think that it is possible, in their own personal interests, to put back the hands of the clock. What they fail to realise is that great inventions of this kind, so far from hampering and restricting employment, widens its scope and extends its bounds.

Those who endeavoured to oppose the locomotive when it was replacing the stage-coach advanced arguments of a similar nature. Happily they were unavailing. The same thing will happen with regard to the protests now being made against broadcasting.

SECRET MURDER BY POISON

by ALFRED FELLOWS
(*Barrister-at-Law*)

HERE is a plain question for everyone who lives under our law: Do you object to be killed by the wilful administration of poison? And a plain statement to make to those who do object is that, until it is changed, secret murder by poison will remain deplorably easy. In fact, if any reasonably intelligent and resourceful member of a household happens to find the existence of another member inconvenient, the law practically leaves the latter at his or her mercy so far as poisoning is concerned.

Giving evidence before a select Committee so long ago as 1893, Dr. Richardson, a noted Victorian physician, testified that every doctor of his acquaintance with a good practice knew of at least one such murder, though the crime could not be brought home.

When poisoners are discovered it is usually because, trading on their immunity, they overdo their contempt for the law. Armstrong poisoned his wife, and was only found out because he began the process on his professional rival, who made outcry. Seddon poisoned his elderly lodger, Miss Barrow, who was duly buried according to law as dying from natural causes. Only his greedy haste to possess himself of her property led to suspicion and her exhumation. If he had been more patient he might have been alive to-day.

Severino Kloscwski, alias Chapman, killed two or three successive wives with antimony, but foolishly made love to the sister of the last before he had quite finished the poisoning process. No one knows how many women Neill Cream poisoned with strychnine; the police had extraordinary difficulty in bringing the murder of Matilda Clover home to him, after she had been buried under a certificate stating that she had died of delirium tremens.

All these causes show that one murder by poison, carried out with reasonable care and without too flagrant a display of callous brutality afterwards, is a safe and very easy matter.

Incidentally, too, anyone may be buried alive on the order of grief-stricken relatives, who would be paralysed with horror if they knew what they were doing. The present law offers practically no security whatever against this possibility. No expert need view the body. If ignorant persons in a household suppose that a member in a cataleptic trance is dead, the law tells them to bury him.

The defects of the law respecting death certificates and Coroner's inquests were fully exposed no less than 40 years ago, and it has not been changed since. A Bill has now been presented in the House of Commons by a private member which, though not perfect, would correct the grosser faults of the present system. A prominent member of the Government has given it as his opinion that this measure is "unlikely to reach the second reading." In other words, the Government does not consider the immunity of poisoners a serious matter.

The victims of poisoners are usually elderly wives, unwanted invalids and other folk unable from circumstances to defend themselves. Perhaps if a prominent official were poisoned, the matter might be viewed in a new light.

THE NEW SKIP

by A. G. GARDINER

"WE shall judge Mr. Baldwin by his capacity to address himself to the thing which really matters, the rescue of the world from the catastr which has destroyed our trade and which, if it continues, will bleed the cou white." In this striking sentence does Mr. A. G. Gardiner sum up wha considers to be the most vital problem which confronts the new Premier. T there are other problems also before him, each important in itself, this sane sound article shows.

MR. BALDWIN takes the helm this week with two great advantages. Everyone likes him and everyone wishes him success. His sensational rise to the highest executive position in the State is not only a tribute to his worth but a symptom of the returning sanity of the public mind. For Mr. Baldwin is conspicuously free from the vices which during the past few years have played such havoc with our affairs. He is neither a clever demagogue nor a political adventurer. He is a man of character, honest of purpose, public spirited, personally unambitious, endowed with good temper and goodwill, and equipped with sufficient Parliamentary ability to command the confidence of his friends and the respect of his opponents.

THAT he is a Conservative I must be permitted to regard as his misfortune. But he is an enlightened and not a stupid Conservative, and since we have a Conservative Parliament we must be grateful that its control is in the hands of so reasonable, capable and sincere a man.

In the grave circumstances that beset us no party consideration should be exploited to make his task more difficult or to imperil his success. It will be the business of the Opposition to help him to do the right thing which I think his natural impulses will dictate, and to prevent him doing the wrong thing which his Die-Hard associates of the *Morning Post* stamp will certainly want him to do.

Mr. Baldwin has wrestled gallantly with the Coalitionists who were blown out by the great Carlton Club explosion. As he has not succeeded in healing the wound and persuading Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Robert Horne to join him, he is left with a thorn in the side. If he had succeeded he would have eased his path and added to his parliamentary strength and prospects substantially.

HE has been widely applauded for his bold stroke in offering the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Mr. Reginald McKenna. Everybody sympathises with Mr. McKenna in the reasons which prevented him from immediately taking office. In the meantime the Premier has shown great courage in shouldering the burden.

There is little doubt that Mr. Churchill's wayward wanderings will carry him back to the Tory love he deserted twenty years ago. He will be received if not welcomed.

Not so Lord Birkenhead. He will not ask to go back to the Tories, and if Mr. George succeeds in getting received into the Liberal communion again he can hardly hope to carry Lord Birkenhead with him. Yet Lord Birkenhead is far too formidable a fighter to pass out of reckoning. His future is the most puzzling problem of politics.

Pending the recovery of Mr. McKenna and his return to politics, Mr. Baldwin has secured one important asset to the Government.

The inclusion of Lord Robert Cecil is much the most interesting personal feature of the new Ministry. Lord Robert will bring with him two things which are invaluable to any Government—high character and distinguished debating gifts. The doubt in regard to him is whether he can "shake down" in the company he will find in the Cabinet.

The Prime Minister

He is much more of a Liberal than a Tory. He is a Free Trader, the most passionate pilgrim of the League of Nations, preaching the cause here, there and everywhere with the fervour of a holy friar, and a keen and enlightened advocate of social and industrial policy.

If Mr. Baldwin makes Lord Robert the touchstone of his policy he will not go far wrong, for Lord Robert is a good European and a good citizen of the world, and it is wisdom in the sphere of world affairs by which the new Prime Minister will be judged. That is the key to all our domestic ills, and it is vain to think that affairs in this country are going to take a turn for the better until the world goes right.

I was talking to one of the ablest English farmers the other day about the grievous condition of agriculture, and asked him what his remedy was for that condition. He said with some passion that it was no use talking about remedies for English agriculture while Europe was a hell and the whole mechanism of world trade was out of gear. "Agriculture," he said, "depends for its prosperity upon the prosperity of industry, and while industry is paralysed, agriculture will be paralysed. If you have a million and a half of the breadwinners of the country living on doles from the rates and taxes how is the farmer, who thrives by the healthy appetites and full pockets of the people, to expect to prosper?"

Take, as an illustration of the ramifications of the present devastati of industry, a case I know of: An e who before and after the war carri successful market gardening busines Channel Islands and come to grief chiefly the demand for the which he grew pr for the South Wales has gone. The slum coal trade is due to t in the iron and steel a coal-consuming in And the tomato gro thousands of othe subsidiary people li are crushed under th wreckage of indus

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NEW SKIPPER

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The Prime Minister

Take, as an illustration of the infinite ramifications of the present devastating chaos of industry, a case I know of: An ex-soldier who before and after the war carried on a successful market gardening business in the Channel Islands and who has come to grief chiefly because the demand for the tomatoes which he grew principally for the South Wales market has gone. The slump in the coal trade is due to the slump in the iron and steel and other coal-consuming industries. And the tomato grower, and thousands of other little subsidiary people like him, are crushed under the general wreckage of industry.

How is the vast industry of Lancashire, which is almost entirely dependent on overseas trade, to recover while the overseas trade is knocked sideways, and India cannot buy our cotton manufactures because it cannot sell its raw cotton to Germany or its tea to Russia?

These are the realities of politics, and in their presence such hair-brained extravagances as the proposal to construct great naval stations at the ends of the earth, in order to reverse Lord Fisher's wise policy of concentrating the Fleet in home waters, seem like the insanity of Colney Hatch rather than the wisdom of Westminster. We shall judge Mr. Baldwin by his capacity to stamp on these colossal practical jokes and to address himself to the one thing that immediately matters, the rescue of the world from the catastrophe which has destroyed our trade, and which, if it continues, will bleed this country white.

The cause of the catastrophe is known to Mr. Baldwin. It is known to everybody except the innocents who take their gospel from the Harmsworth Press. For four years this country has had no European policy. For four years it has trailed at the heels of M. Poincaré as though it had no mind to utter and no interests to serve. It has disarmed half Europe, and has disarmed itself, and has erected over the Continent the greatest military despotism the world has seen since the days of Napoleon. And, at the end, having broken with the French policy, not courageously and frankly, but furtively and timorously, it hears Lord Birkenhead's stentorian call to arms. London is in peril. London may be blotted out in a few hours if we do not make aeroplanes grow as plentifully as blackberries in autumn. Blotted out by whom? Lord Birkenhead leaves the reader in no doubt.

THAT is where our policy of drift has drifted us to. Is a competition in armaments with France to be the shameful sequel to all our common sacrifices in the war? God forbid, but it is towards that crowning infamy that events are carrying us.

It is for Mr. Baldwin to change the sinister current of things. He will not change it by drifting. We have reached the present depth of danger and humiliation because we have never set before France and the world the policy that is necessary to our existence. We are so dependent upon the well-being of the Continent that we cannot hope for a revival in our affairs until that well-being is restored.

EVERY country needs peace, but we need it more than any because we are less self-contained than any. World-trade is the breath of our life and peace is the only condition on which world-trade can be restored. So long as Europe is in upheaval we shall suffer with it, and so long as the destruction of German industry and political and economic existence is the policy that holds the field the European upheaval will continue.

On these lines we can see no end to it. Germany is being driven into Bolshevism before our eyes. The red flag is floating over great towns in the Ruhr. The Communists have overpowered the police with the French soldiers looking on. What is the sense of fighting Bolshevism in Russia while we foment Bolshevism in Germany? Is it not obvious that on these lines we are driving Germany and Russia into a Bolshevist alliance against Western Europe and making a condition of war that will keep Europe in dissolution and misery not for years but for generations?

THE country and the world looks to Mr. Baldwin to stop this sweep of Europe to universal suicide by a bold declaration for peace and reconciliation. Let him lay down the principles of a just settlement and stake the whole authority of this country for their maintenance and fulfilment. Let him appeal to the conscience of the world in this great issue that involves the existence of the white civilisation. We have drifted and been dumb too long. The sands are running down in the hour-glass. Let England give the lead that the world needs and that she alone can give.

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MY COUNTRY ALWAYS WRONG

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

("*Dangle*")

THAT common-sensical statesman, Mr. J. R. Clynes, lately dared to write what a Labour paper of the anti-British type describes as "an unmeasured indictment of the Soviet Government." Thereupon Mr. Clynes is virtuously rebuked, and is told that Labour leaders should only accept invitations to "contribute to the capitalistic press . . . when they afford a chance to state the Labour case."

Now, what is "the Labour case?" In general effect it was lately summarised by another Labour M.P., Mr. Tom Griffiths, who said: "As far as I can see this Government is prepared to do anything in order to create a war with Russia."

Just consider what this charge implies. War with Russia would almost inevitably involve Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia and the new Baltic States wrenched from Russia by the peace treaties. Prostrate Germany might find in such a war a chance to challenge the decisions of Versailles. If Germany moved France would assuredly snatch at the opportunity of completing the smash of her traditional enemy.

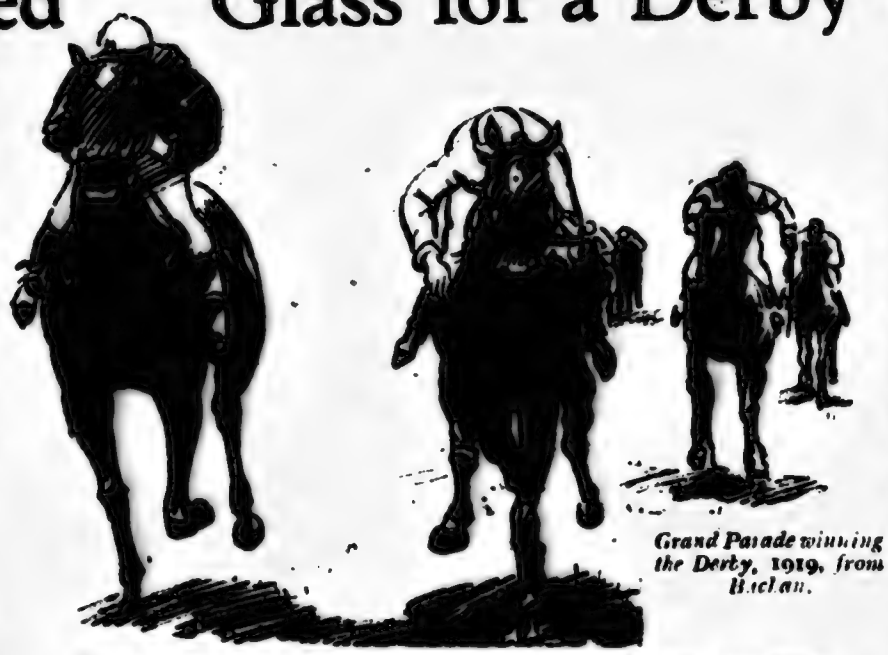
Such a war would probably lead to a general relapse into horrors even more awful than those which convulsed the world between 1914 and 1918. It would reduce Europe to irretrievable bankruptcy. It might end the white man's supremacy in Asia, and wreck the British Commonwealth. But, as far as Mr. Tom Griffiths can see, the Government was prepared to risk all this. The charge against the kindly, amiable gentleman, whose retirement the whole nation deplores, ascribes to him a purpose more appallingly fiendish than any crime attributed to Nero or Caligula. Could any man believe it and yet remain outside the lunatic asylum?

The Labour Party profess an eager faith in human brotherhood. Their goal is a co-operative commonwealth rooted in the altruism of Abou Ben Adhem. But if Mr. Griffiths is right, if it be true that this pioneer nation of democratic and humanitarian profession is so madly benighted or so blackly infamous as to pick out for its rulers such monsters as Mr. Griffiths declares Mr. Bonar Law to be, how can we hope to build a new Jerusalem in England, or to found an international concord in disinterested love of Justice and Right?

Whenever and wherever trouble occurs—in Ireland, in India, in Egypt, in any part of this wonderful Commonwealth—some flapper-jawed, squeaky-voiced little Puffing Billy of parochial illustriosity rises on his hind legs to charge the blame and guilt of it to the natural and invariable depravity of his own fellow-countrymen. In every clash of view or interest between Britain and her rivals, the extremist Labour view is that, whoever may be right, we British must be wrong.

But for my part I prefer the sturdy common sense of Mr. Clynes to the Christmas Card cant of his critics. As one of the sons and heirs of Raleigh, Drake and Nelson; of Hampden, Pym and Cromwell; of Newton, Darwin, Kelvin; of Crompton, Watts and Stephenson; of Shakespeare, Swift and Dickens, I cannot quite persuade myself that my fellow countrymen are all fools or blood-thirsty ruffians.

Powdered Glass for a Derby Favourite



Grand Parade winning the Derby, 1919, from Buchan.

THE startling manner in which a Derby favourite was prevented from winning, at the instance of a prominent bookmaker, is revealed in this thrilling article.

By P. C. (PAT) BARRIE—Master Horse Faker

THE favourite for the Derby of 1919, was the Panther, and, as I have previously stated, there was a tremendous amount of money laid on him.

One bookmaker alone stood to lose a huge sum of money, something like £17,000, if the horse won, and this man, whose name I cannot reveal and who is now dead, induced me to attempt to nobble the favourite. I made several journeys to Newmarket where the Panther was in training, but on each occasion I was so closely watched that I had not the slightest chance of getting near the horse. The bribe offered me by this bookmaker, whom I will call D—— X——, was £1,000.

* * *

WHEN I informed him that I was going to wash my hands of the affair he was, of course, furious, but he had too much money at stake to allow himself to take any risks.

"I've got a man to do the job for a thousand pounds," he said, "and he'll get at the horse if anyone can. I'm not going to lose £17,000 without a kick. There's no horse that can't be got at and there's no man who hasn't got his price. Why couldn't you have got the Panther when they took off his sweating rug and rubbed him down after his gallop?" he asked, and I explained just why it was impossible, since the horse was so closely guarded.

"Then you ought to have got at him at night!" he said furiously. "Manser's stable isn't a very hard one to break into."

"There's a boy sleeps in the stable. He's been sleeping there nearly a month," I said, "and the head lad you can't possibly get at."

He wasn't satisfied with my explanation and sent his own man down to Newmarket with instructions to get at the Panther without delay.

* * *

ALTHOUGH it was some time ahead of the race, his object was to put the Panther on the easy list for a week, in which case there would be no possible chance of the horse winning.

I could see that D— X— was determined, but I really did not think he would ever succeed in accomplishing his end.

His man went to Newmarket, but he had no better success than I had had. In fact, he was known in the town, and, unfortunately for him, instantly detected; so he came back to London and reported, and D— X—'s hair looked like going white. He had a hurried consultation with his partner, the second bookmaker concerned, and they decided that they would wait till the horse was transferred to Epsom. Here, of course, they were wise, because in Derby week there is a great influx of strangers into Epsom, and it is impossible for the cleverest of detectives to keep track of the outsiders who make their mysterious appearance on the Downs.

The second of the bookmakers in this job had a friend occupying a humble position in Manser's stable, and this boy was sent for, and for the first time learnt what D— X— and his pal were trying to do. I will give the lad credit for saying that he was horrified and absolutely refused to do anything whatever to help the gang get at the Panther. He even threatened to report the matter to his boss, but I rather fancy he was too deeply in one of the bookmaker's pockets to carry that threat into execution. At any rate, Manser was not warned.

* * *

IF I remember rightly, the Panther went to Epsom a few days before the race, and from that moment every man in the stable or connected with the stable was under strict observation, for D— X— was bringing all his forces to bear to carry out his plan. Mr. Manser and his visitors were "tailed up" wherever they went, so that the man who was actually in charge of the job knew exactly where everybody was.

The thing was to get into the stable where the horse was lodged during his stay at Epsom, and on the second attempt the nobbler succeeded in evading the watchers and reaching the box where the Panther was sleeping. He could not, however, get in, and had to beat a hasty retreat as the sound of patrolling footsteps in the yard came to his ears, and he only made a getaway by the skin of his teeth. I believe he spent some hours lying on a roof.

That night he went up to London and reported his failure to D— X—, who was waiting for him anxiously.

"Have you done it?" asked D— X— eagerly, and the nobbler shook his head.

"It can't be done," he said. "Our only chance is to get him on the Downs in the morning, and I think that will be easier than it was at Newmarket."

Not troubling to sleep, he went back by car to Epsom, and was on the ground early in the morning when the horses came out for their pipe-openers. But, despite all his efforts, he could not get anywhere near the horse, and D— X—'s friend has also contended that this was due to the boy in the stable, who knew what they were after, and had warned the head lad. Whether that was so or not, it looked very much as though D— X— and his confederate would have to pay out £17,000, and the idea positively frightened them!

They sent for me, after having dismissed me in disgrace, and urged me to go down to Epsom and do all I possibly could to get the horse out of action. But I had been so heartily glad to get out of this business altogether, that I did not think twice before I refused. Out of curiosity, however, I dodged about trying to find out what was happening, and the only thing I could discover was that everybody concerned was in the devil of a state of funk.

THAT night, however, the deed was done. The nobbler, with visions of £1,000 before his eyes, took a desperate risk, and luck was with him. He got into the stable yard and, by the greatest of good luck, found the Panther momentarily unguarded. To drop an apple into the feed-box was the work of a moment before he got out and scrambled to safety.

The dope I had been told to give the Panther was of a fairly mild nature, which would have taken days, and probably a week, to act; but they were so near to the race that D— X— had decided upon taking no risks. It is a curious fact that the poison which was put into the apple was the same as figured in the Ilford murder case—powdered glass. It was with powdered glass that the Panther was nobbled. Its action is to set up an inflammation, the minute particles of glass lacerating the delicate membrane of the stomach.

* * *

ON the next day the Panther appeared at exercise, under the eyes of an admiring crowd, and apparently he went as well as ever he did in his life, though he sweated when he pulled up. I watched the gallop, and, knowing Manser by sight, I took particular notice of the trainer, to see whether he was as satisfied as the watchers. From my point of view the horse didn't go with the same heart as I had seen him gallop before, for I had come to know him as well as though he were in my own stable.

I saw Manser shake his head as he watched the horse having his cloth put on, and went back to meet the two conspirators, who stood up that day in Tattersall's and laid the Panther to lose a much larger sum than ever they had laid before. But before they went into the ring, they were by no means satisfied, for the story had come to them that the Panther had gone as well as ever, and that it was not by any means certain that the horse had eaten the apple, or that the boy hadn't come back and taken it from the box.

* * *

HOWEVER, I was able to reassure them that the Panther had not gone well in his gallop. Strangely enough, no adverse criticism was heard even by the smartest of the horse watchers; and on the morning of the race, when in his gallop he went even more sluggishly, it was difficult to get 6-4 about him.

There was, however, one man, I am sure, who knew that all was not well with the horse. Somebody who had watched the morning gallop on Derby Day told me that Manser had said emphatically: "He doesn't look the same horse."

The history of that sensational Derby is simply told. The Panther could never raise a gallop, and finished last, and there was a cheery little dinner-party at a famous restaurant in the West End to celebrate the defeat.

When I saw D— X— after the race he looked too jubilant for words, but the smile left his face when I told him what I thought of him.

"Why, you would have doped the Panther yourself," he said, "only you couldn't get at him."

"Yes," I answered, "but when I dope horses I dope them with a fair drug. I don't give them something that will injure them for life, such as powdered glass. Horses I nobble, don't suffer agonies; in fact, they generally enjoy the sensation!"

He blustered a good deal, but I could see that he felt somewhat ashamed of himself though the thought of his profits was a good salve to his conscience.

Not only did the Panther fail to win the Derby, but he never won another race, and it is probable that the effects of his nobbling did not entirely disappear.

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Trying Tryon

by HARRISON OWEN

MAJOR the Rt. Hon. George Clement Tryon, M.P., Minister of Pensions, was charged with having in his possession certain dangerous goods, to wit: a quantity of red tape and sealing-wax, and converting the same to improper uses.

Accused pleaded "not guilty" in his best parade-ground voice.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., retained on behalf of a number of ex-Service men, said that the red tape in possession of the Ministry was sufficient to stretch from Land's End to the Day of Judgment. The mere possession of red tape was not in itself an offence. Like arsenic, it could be made to serve useful purposes. If, for example, it were used for strangling a few officious bureaucrats, no sensible citizen would object; but it was, in fact, being used to construct snares and entanglements round the department, so that many ex-Service men, who had had comparatively little difficulty in penetrating the barb-wire entanglements erected by Fritz, found it impossible to force a way through those thrown up by the Major and minor officials of the Ministry.

"AMONG the tragedies which can be laid at the door of the red-tape emporium which the accused controls," continued Mr. Watchdog, "I may mention the case of Richard Mason, who served both in the South African War and the Great War, and was discharged from the army four years ago suffering from a disease certified as due to war service, yet never received a penny as pension. When at the end of his financial tether, Mason threw himself under a train.

"Tryon may allege that his department is efficiently managed, but it is impossible to accept this suggestion when it employs 22 pensioners, 13 of whom draw salaries of £800 or more a year, and among whom is a gentleman with a salary of £1,000 and a pension of £1,040. This suggests that the Ministry is more anxious to provide highly paid jobs for affluent pensioners, than to supply pensions to jobless ex-soldiers. In many positions in which ex-Service men could be employed the Ministry prefers flappers, who seem as fond of red-tape as though it were hair-ribbon. In this way pensions are being withheld while parasites flourish."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that ex-Service men were not only those who served in the ranks. The employee with a salary of £1,000 a year and a pension of £1,040, to whom his learned friend had referred, was a lieutenant-general. This showed that the Ministry was not indifferent to the claims of ex-Service gentlemen. As for the employment of girls, to which objection had been taken, it was necessary to the efficiency of senior members of the staff that their afternoon tea should be promptly and properly prepared, and girls performed this important duty more satisfactorily than men.

The jury returned a verdict of "guilty."

"I can only say," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "that, for one of the crack rifle shots of the House of Commons, the prisoner has shown a strange reluctance to fire, otherwise he would have fired many of the limpets in his department long ago. It is unfortunate that the control of much of the pensions machinery should be in the hands of what I might describe as *x* service men, seeing that their service is an unknown quantity, and still more unfortunate that the prisoner should have become so hopelessly enmeshed in red tape. I direct that all except 2½ inches of the said tape shall be confiscated by the Court and destroyed, the remaining piece to be tied round prisoner's little finger to remind him of his duty to ex-Service men. The sealing-wax shall also be destroyed, except a quantity sufficient to seal the political fate of the Minister, unless very marked improvements are made in the management of his department."

MEET MR. BALDWIN!

The Fact Which was Forgotten

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

GETTING acquainted with Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of England, is a pleasant job. For a full seven days he has stood on the show bench, as it were, with a metaphorical card round his neck marked "Highly Commended."

Permit me, if you please, to reproduce a few out of many thousands of unsolicited testimonials.

According to the *Morning Post* a working man says, "We have now got a working man's Prime Minister." According to the *Times*, "Life offers Mr. Baldwin no keener enjoyment than to tear himself away from London for a few leisure hours in his Worcestershire home in the company of his dogs and pigs."

Even the *Daily Herald* holds out more or less of a glad hand. "His aim of introducing, by means of kindness and consideration, a new spirit of fellowship between employers and employed may be impracticable," lisps the *D. H.*, "but there is no doubt of his sincerity in pursuing it."

"His being Mr. Rudyard Kipling's cousin launches him more favourably than anything into French opinion": *Daily Mail.*

"He is a man of middle height, of light brown complexion, of an expression at once shrewd, humorous and tranquil": *Tay Pay.*

"Mr. Baldwin is popular in Bewdley": *Birmingham Post.*

IN fine, Mr. Bonar Law's successor is admitted on all hands to be everything a loving heart could wish, and you may write it down on your tablets for a solemn fact that though in times past we have had sundry good, wise and noble Prime Ministers, Mr. Baldwin is the first ever to burst upon us with the combined qualifications of popularity in Bewdley, a light brown complexion, cousinship to Mr. Kipling, kindness and consideration for the working classes, and keenness on dogs and pigs.

For myself I am as pleased as the gentleman of colour was when the female cocktail mixer told him he had blue eyes. It is high time we secured a Premier of this quality.

And I am more pleased still about a fact which the daily press, with its harps, lutes and dulcimers all going strong, appears entirely to have ignored. Hold tight and tell it to mother in a gentle whisper; also have it printed in letters of gold and hung over the parlour mantleshelf alongside "God Bless Our Home": *Mr. Baldwin is an Englishman!* Quite a welcome change, ain't it?

CAST your mind over the Prime Ministers you have reason to remember—Mr. Bonar Law (for whom everybody wishes a speedy recovery), ever such a nice man, but—Scotch; (it is 6 to 4 on that the printers will print this "Scots" or "Scottish," but you know what one means); Mr. Lloyd George (who shares with the Americans the distinction of having won the war), ever such a nice man but—Welsh; and Mr. H. H. Asquith (who is still waiting and seeing), ever such a nice man, but "Yorkshire," and married to a Scots, Scottish or Scotch lady.

England my own, these are they who led you through the wilderness and out into the "sunshine," and did it so admirably that ye canna purchase a box of chocolates in an English theatre or a vial of pickles in an English ham and beef shop after 9.30 p.m., while (to come to trivial matters) your Navy is down to about half-power standard, and the condition of your Air Force worries you.

I am not asserting, mind you, that three purely English P.M.s instead of a Scot, a Welshman and a Yorkshireman married into Scotland could have done any better for us—excepting, perhaps, in regard to the chocolates and the pickles—and we must not overlook the fact that we are parting with Mr. Bonar Law at the present juncture not as we parted with Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George, but on the sheer ground of ill-health.

All the same, it is good to see an Englishman—married into no worse place than Brighton and very popular in Bewdley—told off for duty at the English helm, so to speak, and given a chance to handle the old ship of State in the old English way.

MR. BALDWIN has assured us that he needs our prayers more than our congratulations—which, come to think of it, is precisely the situation of every Englishman nowadays permitted to breathe the breath of life. He will not go short in the matter of prayers.

If he can clean up this land of spilt milk and imported honey and put a bit of pre-1914 merry England into it, I am prepared to sit on a bench with a card marked "Highly Delighted" round my neck any time he sends me word. If he fails, I suppose the King will have to send for a black man.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"READING STANDARD" (advertisement):—"Greenhouses, CONSERVATIVES and Heating Apparatus."

"KINEMA COMIC":—"Power's sharp EYES detected the SOUND."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Though FOUR OF THE BALLOONS WHICH STARTED for the Grand Prix of the French Aero Club were destroyed . . . BEFORE THE START, the remaining 14 competitors continued the race."

"EVENING NEWS":—"Lake's blows were well directed, and WHEN HE HIT HE RARELY MISSED."

"WHEATSHEAF":—"LANCASHIRE BORN AND BRED WHILE RESIDENT IN KENT, Edward Owen Greening was in every way a national co-operative figure."

"DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—"HUTS, portable 60 IN. x 30 IN."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"From CROYDON TO BRUSSELS a new air liner's RECORD was established on Friday, when the flight of 20 MILES was made in 90 MINUTES."

"CHAMPION":—"Phil caught sight of the second man's face—a swarthy, CLEAN-SHAVEN one, with level black brows, and a SHORT, SCRUBBY MOUSTACHE."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—"WHITSUNTIDE Wants. Brass Band Wanted, Saturday, JULY 7, 1923."

"SMART NOVELS":—"She watched the PINK TONGUE EAGERLY LICKING UP THE COVETED LUXURY WITH A SAD SMILE."

"SUNDAY EXPRESS":—"HE HAS SHAVED, and therefore DOES NOT RECOGNISE HER."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Clergyman's Problem

"I HAVE been in Holy Orders nearly half a century. Soon after ordination I began to take an interest in the higher criticism, and have imbibed its views to the extent that the Apostles' Creed no longer appeals to me and I recite it mechanically.

"As much as possible I avoid reference to what I do not believe, trying to confine my preaching to morals, Scripture history or other subjects that may be evolved from the text, but even this I do half-heartedly, feeling that, honestly and logically, I ought to resign my orders.

"I would do so, but there are difficulties in the way: it would break the hearts of those near and dear to me, for I should be regarded by my family as the Jew who turns Christian is by his kith and kin—a pariah and outcast from the commonwealth of Israel.

"In all other respects I have striven to live and act honourably, but in this, the most vital, I despise myself. To relieve my soul to the only one I dare, I make this confession."

"Humanist" says: *If you are right in the fundamental principles of Christianity; if you can accept not the material but the spiritual significance of Christ's teaching, the higher criticism surely cannot hurt you or those in your care. You can take no exception to reciting the creed if you dwell in your mind on its purely spiritual aspects.*

Erring Son's Punishment

"MY father was a rich woollen merchant, but owing to a certain youthful folly with a girl of fifteen, I was sent abroad. He allowed me £400 a year, and on his death that was increased to £600. My brothers, however (I am the eldest), have thousands a year (one has £8,000 and another £9,500). Am I not entitled to my fair share? My lawyer says no, but he is probably in the pay of my brothers."

"Humanist" says: *Your youthful folly consisted of the debauching of a girl under the age of 16. You were lucky not to go to prison. Lawyers are not "in the pay" of people except in melodramas. My own opinion is that £600 a year is exactly £600 a year too much for you.*

Girl's Unappreciated Sacrifice

"I AM 23, and for six years I have lived at home, doing all the work for a family of seven, including an invalid mother and a delicate younger sister. I have three grown-up brothers. Plainly my duty lies at home, but I often find it very hard to go on, month after month, doing my duty, for the reason that my people (with the exception of my mother) do not realise or appreciate the sacrifice I made in giving up a good situation in order to come home, and in remaining here when I might be earning a good salary.

"I don't mind the money part really, but the selfishness of the others is sometimes unbearable, to say nothing of their continual fault-finding. Friends, who know how I am placed, advise me to leave home, but I cannot desert my mother.

"Must I go on, and sacrifice the best of my life and prospects for those who do not in the least understand or appreciate that sacrifice?"

"Humanist" says: *It cannot be a happy position for your mother, knowing how you feel. You should tell the offenders plainly that you will leave if they are not more tolerant. If that has no effect go your own way.*

A Secret Better Kept

"I HAVE been engaged for over a year to a man whom I care for very much, and we are to be married this year. When I was only nineteen a man came into my life, and I being totally ignorant, committed misconduct on several occasions. We never cared for each other as I now know love, and the man has drifted out of my life, but the feeling remains as to whether I should now tell my fiance what happened. Although possibly he would forgive me, I am sure he would always have the thought of it in his mind.

"Should I be committing a very great sin in keeping this one episode safely locked away in my own mind? Have I to give up all for those foolish moments, or shall I say nothing and go to my fiance without dread? We love each other so much, he thinks me so pure, and his people also love and respect me."

"Humanist" says: *Some secrets are a person's very own and I think this is one of them. If he shows any disposition to tell you his secrets, or if he asks you point blank, tell him. Otherwise, I see no wisdom in confessing. After all, you have done him no material wrong, and probably only misery would follow a confession.*

A Hard Woman

"MY wife is a very cold and hard woman, who has given me practically no affection since we were married. She bullies me before my friends, and her chief delight in life seems to be to make me look small.

"She is seldom at home when I come back from business at night, and lately she has taken to driving my little car, but always accompanied by a young man friend of ours. When I expostulate, she flies into a temper; and what with that, and the nagging I get at home, life is becoming unbearable."

"Humanist" says: *Have you done anything to cause your wife to act like this? If not, I am sorry for you, for there seems little else you can do except consult your solicitor.*

A Brutal Husband

"A FRIEND of mine has been married eight years to a man who has made her very unhappy. He is not physically brutal to her, but has always tried to impress on her the fact that she is his possession and should not even have a mind of her own. He tries to crush her in every way, humiliates her before others, and goes against her in training their one child, taking always the opposite view to her.

"She has recently met a widower, her senior by ten years, who appears to be all that her husband is not, and she is contemplating throwing in her lot with him, leaving the child. Although I cannot reconcile myself to the moral side of it, yet, knowing what a wretched life she has had so far, I cannot bring myself to say that her place is with her husband. What would you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*The proper advice to give is that she should remain faithful to her marriage vows. But——*

Son's Murderous Threats

"I AM a married man with four sons and two daughters, all living at home. One of my sons, aged 25, has got into the habit of coming home drunk and causing trouble. In fact, on more than one occasion, he has threatened to murder me.

"Matters have come to such a pass that I feel I must get rid of him, and I have repeatedly told him to go, but this he refuses to do. Will you kindly advise me what to do?"

"Humanist" says: *Consult a magistrate.*

Jilted by a Wealthy Woman

"FOR ten years I have been secretary to a woman with whom I have been and still am in love. It is not necessary to say any more about our association. She is very rich, but because of our peculiar relationship I have been very strict on the matter of salary. I would only take what I was worth to her, and refused anything in the nature of presents.

"She was, I might say, a widow of attractive personality, and always told me that she had a horror of marriage. Last Christmas she went away alone to Switzerland and Monte Carlo, and during all that time we corresponded in terms of the greatest affection.

"Imagine my horror and humiliation a few weeks ago when she wrote me that she had got married and was returning in June with her husband.

"I immediately wrote to her, reproaching her, and now I have a letter from her husband threatening an action for libel. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *I don't think I should worry. If things were as you suggest—it is unlikely that the action will be brought. Fade out of the picture and look on the comic side of the situation.*

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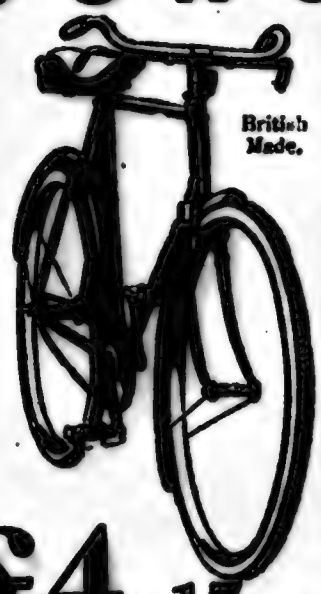

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Sports and, by ROWLEY

THE BIG SEVEN FOR THE DERBY—NEWMARKET NEWS.

The Derby.

I may be a little dull of understanding, but I don't quite see why Twelve Pointer is quoted at 25-1 for the Derby. Nor is it clear to me that his second to Top Gallant places the big classic out of his reach. If you were to learn that Town Guard covered 1¼ miles in 2 minutes 1 second, as Twelve Pointer did (and supposing the Newmarket Stakes had not been run) you would say that it was a fine performance, and that is just what Twelve Pointer did.

Twelve Pointer.

He was, in all probability, up against a better horse than Town Guard, and he was second best. I put him 5 lb. below Top Gallant, and on the running in that and the Craven Stakes, the official handicapper would strike a balance thus:

Top Gallant ...	9.5
(12 lb. better than Ellangowan)	
Twelve Pointer ...	9.0
Light Hand... ...	8.10
Ellangowan ...	8.7
Knockando	8.0

We have to remember that Twelve Pointer lost start in the Guineas and was racing by himself. I confess that I am such an ignoramus that I cannot see what fault Twelve Pointer possesses that would prevent him coming down the hill at Epsom. I do know that he has beaten Pharos, and that on Newmarket Heath he has beaten the time of Pharos. That he will beat Ellangowan, wherever they finish, is certain. Curiously enough on his winning debut, Twelve Pointer gave Ellangowan a stone beating, and I should imagine that their relative merits have not changed.

About Royal Realm.

There are people who do not like the sons of Royal Realm (as Twelve Pointer is) and talk of their "soft spots," but Royal Realm was a Persimmon, and has good Galopin blood on both points of the bracket. And whilst I am talking of breeding, why shouldn't Scyphius stay the Derby course? He has Itoi Herode on one side of his pedigree and Spearmint on the other.

The Seven.

Papyrus, Pharos, Legality, Town Guard, Roger de Rusli, Twelve Pointer and Ellangowan are the seven from which a final choice must be made. It is impossible to ignore the confidence of the touts at Newmarket over Town Guard, though I am not going to enthuse about his gallop with Kingstone Hill and Co. They say that Mr. Gilpin knows what is wanted to win a Derby. That is true also of a dozen trainers. The question is, has he got it? Personally, I don't think he has. Is Town Guard a better horse than Top Gallant? If he is, he will win the Derby. The balance of probability is against that supposition, and we have the obvious fact that Papyrus beat him easily at Newmarket last back-end.

As Regards Town Guard.

Don't let me put you off Town Guard. If you fancy him, back him. Personally, I shall not. Legality and Papyrus I am content to take on the estimate made of their relative qualities by the official handicapper. Pharos is a different proposition. His work this year has suggested that he has no lack of stamina, but until we see him in a race against good horses, we must leave him out.

An Improved Horse.

Ellangowan is, to my mind, the most improved horse in training, but has he improved the necessary poundage to win a Derby? I am going against the advice of every critic, every horse-watcher and every turf authority when I take

TWELVE POINTER.

as my Derby horse. I anticipate the judge's placings as follows:

Twelve Pointer ...	1
Pharos	2
Legality	3

The Oaks.

I need not make a long analysis of this race. TRANQUIL will start favourite, but I take

TERESINA (each way)

to represent me.

OUR NEWMARKET LETTER.

Will the Derby go to Newmarket?

"We are still of the same opinion—TOWN GUARD (writes my Newmarket correspondent) will win the Derby. It is quite likely we may occupy the first four positions. All our horses are giving complete satisfaction.

Everybody Impressed.

"There is not the least doubt that Town Guard's was the best gallop of all the Derby horses that had taken place so far. All the eye-witnesses, and even people who had been criticising the horse, were very much impressed with his work, and, as I have stated all along, I think he has only to go to the post fit and well to be returned the winner.

Ellangowan's Good Gallop.

"Ellangowan could not be doing better, and is thriving in his preparation. Saturday morning was a busy one, and several important gallops took place. Ellangowan moved in good style over a mile and a half with Melibeus and Sewing Machine. They were of little use to him, Ellangowan finishing several lengths ahead. It was, in my opinion, the best gallop that took place that particular morning. I am quite prepared to see Lord Rosebery's horse finish in the first three.

A Local Favourite.

"A favourite horse with a number of the locals is Papyrus. No horse could be doing better, and his trainer is giving him a good steady preparation. He will strip a much fitter horse on Wednesday next than when running unplaced for the Two Thousand Guineas. He covered the same track as Ellangowan, and had, for companions, Sollicitude and Trajanus. They were not strung out, in fact Trajanus led them all the way slightly, the other two keeping close company. Papyrus certainly strode out well and looks the picture of health. I shall expect him to come out of his final gallop satisfactorily, and to run well for the Derby.

Tranquil Better than Pharos.

"The other morning Tranquil appeared to be going better than Pharos, and this was the opinion of a good many watchers. I understand they are to be tried this week-end, and it is quite likely that, if Tranquil comes out much the best, she will take her chance for the Derby. I cannot see anything beating Town Guard, whom I place first, Ellangowan, a honest horse and improved, second honours. Papyrus I am placing third, because I think he is a better stayer than Pharos, and I shall place the latter fourth.

A Horse for Epsom.

"I understand that Lengien will be seen out at Epsom, where I have strong reasons for thinking he will win. He has been going in good style in home gallops for some time past. I was rather inclined to fancy him for the Flying Handicap the last day of the Newmarket races, and I watched him running very closely, and feel sure he will win very soon.

If Silurian Loses.

Silurian, which ran second in the Manchester Cup, is a horse I intend to follow. He is a real good stayer, which was proved by his Leger running. He has several engagements close at hand, one in particular for which I think he is nicely handicapped—the Queen's Handicap, to be run at Kempton Park on Saturday. He carries the nice racing weight of 7.11. In my opinion he is the pick of the handicap. His stable companion, Spithead, is handicapped at 7.6. There is not the slightest doubt which is the better, by a pretty big margin. I should advise readers to make a special note of this one, as I feel sure there is a nice race to be won with this son of Swynford.

Jarvis' Best Youngster.

"If seen out at Epsom, Parmenis (T.Y.O.) should be followed. He is one of the best youngsters in Jarvis's string, and was well galloped previously to running well behind Grand Knight for the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Stakes. He ran green."

THIS WEEK'S

(The two horses starred

BATH (WEDNESDAY).

1.50	Burnt Almond f. (Camargue, Clean Baby)
2.20	Tibet (Fancy Boy, Martinique).
3.0	Peter Rush (Tomatin, Cavalier).
3.30	Heavenwood* (Fusty, Clio f.).
4.0	Mayfair* (Dark Emerald, Cortona).
4.30	Nicator (Haversham, Green).

YORK (WEDNESDAY).

1.30	Lucentio (Glen Fyne, Galloping Slav).
2.0	Steelface* (Alimony).
2.45	Torlonia (Portumna, Rosemead).
3.15	Bellman* (Perfectus, Forerunner).
3.45	Back Stair (Green Islet, Hippolyte f.).
4.15	Drury (Golden Boss, Wild Mint).
4.45	Silver Band.

YORK (THURSDAY).

2.0	Ostbeech (Lugano, Eastern Elegy).
2.30	Patras* (Hellaster, Terre Ferme).
3.0	Carbonaro (Roger de Rusli, Sollicitude).
3.30	Thoughtless (Irish Belfry, Tanglewood).
4.0	Lazywell (El Tetan, Oakwood).
4.30	White Bud* (Pandarus, Indulgence).

SALISBURY (THURSDAY).

1.45	Weyward 6.
2.30	Glen Helicon (Angoni, Vain Percy).
3.0	Harry* (Radiant River, Lucky Prince).

BEST THINGS OF THE WEEK.
PATRAS
At York on Thursday.
GREY LADY
At Doncaster on Saturday.

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Sportsmen MILE

OAKS AND HUNT CUP—MAINLY ABOUT HORSES—ALL SORTS OF SPORT.

Watch Stavropol.

"A horse that has been going in excellent style lately with Brinklow and others located in the same stable is Stavropol. I also noticed him running very well in the race won by Paxton. He was ridden on that occasion by the little boy Alford, who is the very promising youngster who showed to great advantage when winning on Credenda f. at Kempton Park. Stavropol is a big striding horse which wants strong handling. He is now at the top of his form, and is a very likely winner at an early date.

Two Two-Year-Olds.

"A very useful filly is Grand Polly (2-yrs.). I have been watching this youngster for some considerable period, and she is one I strongly advise to be kept on the safe side, probably next week at Epsom—a remark which applies to Tippler. I know this to be the best young one belonging to the Palace House Stables. He made his debut at our home meeting last week, and ran quite respectably behind Grand Knight, and he has not looked back since. Quite a lot is thought of him by his connections, and he went in real good style on Saturday when put alongside Capital. I believe he takes his chance on Thursday at Manchester for the Northern Two Year Old Stakes, and is considerably fancied. If he fails there, back him next time out.

Royal Hunt Cup and Re-Echo.

"Re-Echo is doing nice, steady work, and I should advise all those who lost money over him to bear him in mind. It is quite possible he will win the Hunt Cup at Ascot. I am going ahead a little, but this is just the course and distance for him. Topboot, I believe, missed his Wolverhampton engagement, being in reserve for Epsom. He will be all the better for his race at Newmarket."

£25 Derby First and Last.

I will give £25 to the reader who forecasts most nearly or accurately the first and last in the Derby and the S.P. of the winner. Write on a postcard:

First .....
Last .....
Price .....

and don't forget your name and address. Postcards must reach JOHN BULL office by the first post on Monday morning, June 4th. Address them to "Rowley Mile," JOHN BULL, 94, Long Acre, W.C.2. Readers may send as many postcards as they like.

SELECTIONS

are the "Daily Double.")

3.30 Woodside Lad (Edge's selected).
4.30 Gniocchi* (Dark Emerald, Hungarian).

SALISBURY (FRIDAY).

2.0 Potential* (Bengal, Tons of Money).
2.30 Nece D'Argent (Home Fire, Stone Axe).
3.0 Pattenden* (Glass Idol, East Tor).
3.30 Golden Bud (Meandering, Maintop).
4.0 Coriopsis (Breslane, Green Wheat).
4.30 Portsoy (Skiss).

DONCASTER (FRIDAY).

2.0 Fulmock (Wee Mon, Polista).
2.30 Corbridge (Snow Crest, Melibœus).
3.0 Ronaldshay* (Dalkeith, Blue Ice).
3.30 Perus (Emulsion, Torionia).
4.0 Vanlier (Buenasuerte, Canvas Back c.).
4.30 Druid's Orb* (Kitten on the Keys, Lilaline f.).
5.0 Lechkam (Not Lucknam).

DONCASTER (SATURDAY).

1.45 Grey Lady.**
2.15 King William* (Pandarus, Corban).
2.45 Punter's Bane (Tryst).
3.15 Great Joy (Sierra Leone, Bellman).
3.45 Pilgrims March (Grand Joy, Miss Contrary).
4.15 Ornamentation*

ROYAL WINDSOR (SATURDAY).

2.0 Friar's Daughter* (Missal, Sunday Rambler).
2.30 Desert Rose (Young Visiter, Fancy Boy.)
3.0 Old Bill (Brownhylde, Crispena).
3.30 Secrecy* (England's Gate).
4.0 Well Betayed (Witty, Deflation).
4.30 Austin Friars.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Tibet comes out of my horses to follow, having won the day before JOHN BULL was on sale. Substitute Colossus.

* * *

Continue to follow Sargon.

* * *

Port Royal was beaten by the ground.

* * *

Mark down Precious as a Good Thing some day.

* * *

"If Winter Comes . . ." He came and beat me on Lizzie S. for a lot of money.

* * *

They tell me that Teresina will win the Oaks.

* * *

Lord Derby didn't look as though there was a Cabinet crisis on Monday.

* * *

Drake was two stone better than D'Orsay. What a pity!

* * *

From the Press Stand at Gatwick you can see whether a jockey is using his whip or only pretending. I saw a young pretender on Saturday.

* * *

Mr. Smirke rode a better race on Tibet at Hurst Park than he did at Kempton.

* * *

My first, second and third in the Derby are Twelve Pointer 1, Pharos 2, Legality 3.

* * *

People who ask my advice on the Grand Prix are respectfully informed that I don't know a horse that's running.

* * *

The *Bullets* Derby takes place this week with record prizes which will appeal to all. The first three receive cash prizes of £2,000, £500 and £250 respectively. There are hundreds of other cash prizes varying from 2s. 6d. to £10 in amount. There is no handicap, the course is straight, the going is not hard, and there are no favourites. Every entrant has a run for his money.

ALL SPORTS.

I saw the Tigers playing polo the other day, and they were not half as tigerish as most people had anticipated. I don't think it is fair to judge them on their early form. Only people who have lived abroad know how "different" the atmosphere and climate of England is.

* * *

It is queer how hard the objection to Sunday games is dying in certain sections of the church. It is about as intelligent as the theatrical managers' short-sighted battle against broadcasting, and will end the same way. Sunday games are here to stay.

* * *

I saw some real good cricket in one of the London parks last Sunday, and if one of the youthful batsmen doesn't make a name for himself, then I'm not "Rowley Mile."

* * *

The manners of the crowd at Old Trafford in the Lancashire and Yorkshire match were not of the best. It took a dean and a knight to get them off the pitch when rain stopped play.

* * *

I wonder what is really the object of that "deputation" visit to Paris by the British Olympic Association? Do the French still want everything their own way?

The King's Colt.

The King has a nice two-year-old in Knight of the Garter, who has been well galloped.

MAINLY ABOUT HORSES.

Karl is evidently a better horse than the Stockbridge people imagined.

Humpty Dumpty, who is bad at the gate, was practically "left" at Wolverhampton.

Charley Morton would probably know more about My Lord had he better trial horses than Hamlet and Greenfinch.

I wonder if "Monkey" Morris feels flattered by the photograph taken of him when finishing on Galway Prince at Hurst Park.

D'Orsay evidently possesses more stamina than was thought at the beginning of the season. Judging by the trouble "Bobby" Jones had with him at Hurst Park, however, he would seem to be a difficult horse to ride.

Whitaker's apprentice, A. Burns, has the makings of a jockey. Moreover, he will always be a light-weight, for though he can go to scale, without wasting, at 6 st. 6 lbs., he is nearly twenty-one years of age. He has been with Whitaker three years.

Desperately unlucky to be beaten at Chester, Nane Snugger was running over a course too short for him at Wolverhampton. His proper distance is seven furlongs.

Harry Sadler, who has made his mark this season with Top Gallant and Simon Pure, has some useful two-year-olds. One of the best of them is Becalmed, who is sure to win races.

When giving 420 gns. for Lenzfield after he had won a "seller" at Lincoln, Sir Abe Bailey probably acquired a bargain. The son of Sunstar is very useful over short courses.

Puttenden has come on considerably since finishing third for the Chester Vase. The grey not only goes a good pace, but possesses a fair share of stamina.

Although he was sent to Hurst Park, it was decided not to run Bellman owing to the hard ground. With the conditions to suit him, he is certain to win a nice handicap.

Possessed of a nice turn of speed, Greenfinch has been moving in capital form at Wantage lately. Moreover, he is being rattled along as if he would be wanted shortly.

When made favourite at the last Newmarket meeting, Ducks and Drakes not only appeared backward in condition, but ran "green." He should do better next time out.

Although he has run respectably each time he has carried silk this season, Waterbuck is not the sort one would pick out as likely to do best under a boy's handling. He will win races with a man in the saddle.

"JOHN BULL" says:
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ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

VICKERS LIMITED

A YEAR OF MODERATE RESULTS.

The fifty-sixth annual general meeting of Vickers, Limited, was held at Sheffield on May 28th, Mr. Douglas Vickers, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The hope that I expressed last July that we should be able to call you together at the usual time this year was not quite fulfilled, for there were still some matters outstanding with the Government at December 31st, and, as a matter of fact, accounts are not completely settled yet, although the greatest efforts were made to finish up by the end of the Government's financial year. These outstanding accounts are, however, of minor importance.

THE YEAR'S PROFIT.

Turning to the profit and loss account, the profits for 1922 are £663,204, a decrease of nearly £25,000 as compared with the previous year. By drawing upon the carry-over to the extent of a little over £160,000, your directors are able to recommend the same dividend on the ordinary shares as for 1921, after paying the usual preference dividends in full. The carry-forward still stands at the substantial figure of £763,907. The final settlement of certain taxation questions has contributed partly to this result by allowing reserves which had previously been made to be brought in.

We have succeeded in obtaining an order for a first-class liner from a new customer, the Orient Company, as well as a few ships of smaller importance, one fitted with internal combustion engines of the Company's type.

As to these works, railway work was also to be had only in small quantities, and there was little armament work beyond the armour for Japan, which was finished about the middle of the year. Towards the end of 1922 the Government placed orders for supplies for two battleships, of which we got our fair share.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted, and a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares (less income tax) was declared.

"KID" LEWIS'S SIMPLE METHOD OF KEEPING FREE FROM LIVER, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC DISORDERS.

No boxer would contemplate entering the ring for a championship or other contest unless trained to the acme of perfection, but the heavy training necessary becomes sheer waste of time and effort if the whole body is not kept absolutely sound and healthy. Anything in the nature of mental or physical languor, "liverishness," stomach acidity, and dyspepsia, catarrh, backache, neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, etc., would be an impossible handicap for a boxer above all persons, both during training and at the time of contest. As all these complaints arise simply from the accumulation of impurities in the system it must be obvious that the one sure and only way to get rid of the complaints quickly and permanently is to clear all the impurities out. For this purpose specialists will probably advise a month's treatment at a famous (and expensive) spa. I have found, however, that the same satisfactory results can be obtained, without the heavy expenditure of time and money which a visit to the spas entails, by simply drinking occasionally before breakfast a glass of hot saltrated water, prepared by adding a level teaspoonful, or less, of Alkia Saltrates, which is obtainable at little cost from any good chemist. This exactly reproduces in highly concentrated form the essential curative constituents found in the waters of the world-famous natural medicinal springs; and in my own case I have proved it to be far better than anything else for generally toning up the body, keeping the mind clear and alert, the eyes bright, and the nerves steady as steel.

Ted (Kid) Lewis

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Racecourse Crooks.

At every race meeting one can see the same gangs of cardsharpers operating just inside the gates, and they are allowed to carry on in full view of the police posted there. Now is it possible that these officials don't see them robbing people in barefaced fashion and using the vilest of language when they cannot entice a prospective victim to play, or can it be that those whom the racing public look to for protection deliberately shut their eyes to these swindlers? I have seen policemen actually conversing with members of the gangs.—*D. A., City Road, London.*

Liability of the Post Office.

A few days ago I took a package into the post office, had it weighed, and stamped it in accordance with the official's instructions. At the addressee's end a surcharge of threepence was made. This suggests the question as to whether the Postmaster-General should not—like all business concerns—be responsible for the acts of his servants. A package accepted for delivery for a certain fee could be so marked with a special rubber stamp. If a short payment were discovered in transit, the loss could then be charged to the transmitting office and not to an innocent recipient.—*H. Chadwick, 12, Hughestead Grove, Garston, Liverpool.*

Pretty Pictures for Starving People.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's vigorous article calls much needed attention to the insidious incentive to Bolshevism, which certain illustrated papers constitute. Nothing is more calculated to encourage a revolutionary spirit than the blatant flaunting of the extravagance of the ultra-rich at a time of widespread hardship and suffering such as this. Why not let us have a picture paper dealing with events, etc., in the lives of the "ordinary" man and woman—the workers by hand or brain? There are plenty of such incidents portraying both humour and pathos, of daily occurrence, and of far greater interest to the "ordinary" man than the vapid and inane doings of the "upper ten."—*Wm. H. Cowan, c/o Black, 13, Bank Street, Edinburgh.*

Sunday Broadcasting.

When the B. B. C. started their Sunday broadcasting, the time was fixed for 6.30 p.m. So far so good, but as it gave enjoyment to a large number of people, the kill-joy parsons started on the warpath, and so bluffed the B. B. C. that they have put off the starting time until 8.30 p.m. Why? Simply because the clergy say it clashes with their church services. Yet I notice the clergy use the wireless to broadcast sermons. If they want to broadcast sermons it is only right they should do so during church hours (6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.) and not use up the little time left us for secular enjoyment.—*Stanley Knowles, 14, Palmer Road, Walthamstow.*

Insulting our Merchant Service.

Is going to sea an honourable profession—or not? This is from Melbourne. A youth of 18 was up before the magistrate charged with stealing. There were four previous convictions against the lad, which proved him to be a thorough young blackguard. But the Bumble on the Bench had a brain-wave. Declaring that prison seemed to have no effect upon the prisoner he sentenced him to be sent to sea in the Merchant Service for two years. What interesting reading for the mothers of our young seafarers.—"*One-Stripe,*" *Liverpool.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Fraudulent Sale of Businesses.

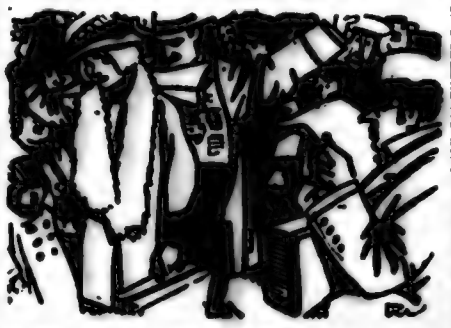
I think something ought to be done to prevent the fraudulent sale of businesses, a custom very much in vogue nowadays, often to the detriment of ex-Service men. I have answered adverts. in several newspapers, offering businesses with "large trade and good connections," only to find out after careful and exhaustive inquiries, that the only thing "large" about the whole business, is the price asked for the goodwill, etc. It seems to be coming a practice among a certain class of people to work a business up without profit, merely in order to sell at a good price to the first "mug" who comes along, and it behoves anyone on the look out for a business of any kind, to "look before they leap."—*E. J., Leeds.*

Mother Speaks Out.

Here are a few reasons that have caused the limitation of the birthrate. When children arrive: Landlords bar you; neighbours pity you; tradesmen rob you; health inspectors chivvy you; employers sweat you; holidays are beyond you; work is always with you; money always leaves you. As a mother of six I have evolved the following conundrum: Why is the fashionable family like a flapper's skirt? Because they are both somewhat abbreviated.—*Mrs. E. B., Brixton.*

Excursion Train Scandal.

Which of our M.P.s will perform a useful public service by asking in the House if the Government are aware of the frequently appalling conditions, on many railways, during the holiday season, created by the overcrowding of carriages, and what it is proposed to do in the matter?



If people were cattle they would be protected by the R.S.P.C.A., whose officers would not allow eighteen or twenty to be wedged in a carriage made for ten.—*C. R. A., Blackburn.*

Undermanned Ships.

One of your readers asks if shipowners think of the risk incurred to ships and human life by employing only two mates on deep-water ships for watch keeping purposes. My experience, as one who has been an officer in this class of ship, is, that shipowner's don't waste much sympathy on the men who man their vessels. There are always plenty more men to be had, and if the ship is lost then insurance is generally enough to build a larger one to replace her. The remedy lies with the Board of Trade. Under the present regulations, a vessel of the tonnage of the *Berengaria* or *Mauretania* is only compelled by law to carry *one* certificated officer in addition to the captain, and the shipowner can please himself how many more he signs on.—*R. M. G., Reading.*

Cricket, That Isn't.

A reliable report of the meeting of two of the leading county cricket elevens states that "a crowd of four thousand paid for admittance to the ground before the umpires had inspected the pitch to see if play was possible." Their report being unfavourable, the public had a wait of two hours before the first ball was bowled. Surely the inspection of the pitch should be made before and not after the paying public are admitted. Having had similar experiences, I can assure those in authority that such treatment does not meet with approval.—*F. S., Heckmondwike.*

A Red Tape Curiosity.

A young friend of mine, who has hitherto lived in blissful ignorance of the curiosities of red tape, has just discovered that, although she is an expert shorthand-writer, she is barred from the position of a shorthand-typist in a certain Government department. Regulations lay it down that no girl, however expert, is old enough to attain to that hyphenated dignity until she is 18. While under that age she must be content to be just a typist.—*Mrs. S. Southcott, 14, Milvom Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol.*

Profiteering Tenants.

It is generally said that "Dog doesn't eat Dog," but thousands of sub-tenants, who are being exploited by their own class—tenants who are "occupiers" of other people's houses, of which they do not own a brick—will agree that these privileged "occupiers" rather enjoy the game; and at each change of sub-tenancy they demand a bigger "bite" of the other's wages. In the amended Rent Act, this should be met by making it a Police Offence for any person to demand more than a certain sum for any single unfurnished room, to be governed by the amount of floor space of each room. This would meet the case fairly, stop exploitation, and could be dealt with by Magistrates quickly.—*D. S. J., Gloucester.*

Panel Folly.

The Panel system is inefficient, if for no other reason that the Panel doctor has too many on his books, so that it is utterly impossible for him to give satisfaction. Before the Panel came in force a person suffering with influenza, chills, etc., used to be told to get to bed and was visited by the doctor periodically. How different now. In nine cases out of ten if a patient is unable to drag himself to the surgery, he is sent to hospital (one reason why our hospitals are full), the patient may be there a year, but the doctor still draws the money while the hospital officials are doing his work. Why should that money not go to the hospitals?—*N. C., Southfields, London, S.W.*

Dentists in a Factory.

A scheme organised by a prominent dress goods manufacturer in the North is worthy of mention. Periodically visits are paid to the factories by an optician and a dentist, for the purpose of testing eyes and fitting of artificial teeth to the workpeople who are needing same, at cost price. The employer knows that defective sight is not conducive to good work (which is of a fine nature) being turned out; also indigestion, etc., are all complaints heir to bad or insufficient teeth, hence time is broken by ill-health. The mutual advantage to both is most apparent.—*Mr. L. Laycock, 3, William Street, Laisterdyke, Bradford.*

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John Bull's Letter Bag

Letters must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

RHODE ISLAND (Dudley).—"I do not believe that any chicken ever laid 300 eggs a year." Get thee hens, sceptic.

A. E. H. (Leeds).—"The slump in the cinema industry is entirely due to the fatuous, futile and footling films that are shown." We gather that some films don't please you?

ALBERT (Pendleton).—"Women mean nothing in my life." Quite right, Bertie. But wait till you grow up.

O. B. JOYFUL (Warwick).—"I never knew what happiness was till I found grace." We hope she shares your rapture.

J. A. (Darlaston).—"I have been married five times. I am also a man of courage." Why that "also"?

S. R. W. (Winchester).—"Is it possible to bend glass?" We made experiments in order to be able to answer your question, and the proprietor turned us out.

FATHER OF SEVEN (Godstone).—"It does annoy me to hear children using bad grammar. They ought to be learnt better." Obviously it cannot be left to their fathers to learn 'em.

C. A. H. (Workington).—"I do hope you will find an appropriate place for the enclosed article." Nothing was simpler.

N. M. (Arlington).—"I am a firm believer in sweeps." Chorus of gratification from the Sweeps' Union.

PRO PATRIA (Gosport).—"We want—nay, we must have—another Lord Nelson." What's the trouble—won't the licensing justices grant the licence?

J. T. H., JR. (Hornsey).—"My family don't seem to appreciate my efforts to uplift them." If we were your father, you wouldn't appreciate our upturning of you.

RED ROSE (Manchester).—"Will the elements ever be harnessed and served out as required?" Possibly; but we refuse to believe that even that would stop it raining in Manchester.

WILD HORSES (Caterham).—"Is my father entitled to know all about my boy?" Yes, kid. About as much as you know. Which is probably nothing.

MY OWN (Leeds).—"I have £30 saved, no debts and a happy disposition." Cause and effect.

CHILD OF 40 (London, S.W.).—"Can you put me in touch with a nice girl?" Boy! Hand me my gun!

OLIVE (Minster).—"I object to young men coming in for tea only." Did you want them to stay to breakfast?

ONE OF MANY (Sheffield).—"I fought in the war and now I'm out of work." We fear that your nom de plume supplies all the comment we can offer.

BAD MEMORY (Truro).—"How often should an 8-day clock be wound up?" After consulting innumerable authorities and the Astronomer Royal we have decided: every eighth day.

WORKER (Cheltenham).—"The millionaire has tainted money." In the sense that it taint yours and it taint ours?

GRIFFIN (Northampton).—"I would like you to settle a bet." We have some difficulty in settling our own, as we've said before.

FAT HEAD (Norwich).—"I am sending you a comical letter." We regard it as intensely pathetic.

GLUE POT (Luton).—"I have been married four times." Are you boasting or complaining?

WELLWISHER (Horley).—"A few pars in 'J. B.' on gardening would be welcome." And what about poultry farming and knitting? We can't please everybody, Willie.

L. X. (Middlesboro').—"Could it be said that gin is a wine?" Certainly it could be said. But it would be a lie.

WHEY (Torquay).—"Why do they call London 'the capital city'?" Because, our old curdy one, it is a capital place.

LIMITED (Manchester).—"What we say to-day, you think to-morrow." And Glasgow forgot yesterday.

YOUNG MUSICIAN (Margate).—"What is the best place to learn to play a saxophone?" Outside the three mile limit—or the Goodwin Sands are handy for you.

CURIO (Ongar).—"Why is it that one never remembers the date?" Lots of ones do: you're one of the ones that don't.

GUINEA GOLD (Poole).—"I always insist upon my wife accounting for every penny." Send us your wife's address; we'd like to congratulate her.

NO CHICKEN (Monmouth).—"I find that at 50 I am as sought after as ever by women." You hate yourself, don't you?

MOTHER IN LAW (Marlborough).—"What are the specific rights of brothers-in-law?" They have no right. You can do anything except murder them.

T. R. (New Cross).—"My father-in-law refuses to believe that JOHN BULL is still in existence." When next you visit the asylum, assure him that it is!

EARLY WORM (Stratford).—"Ten hours' sleep is enough for any man." We'd like to have your idea of "too much."

KENSINGTON KID (London, W.).—"I would undertake to settle half the so-called champions." An undertaking which might easily end with an undertaker.

JUNO (Brighton).—"Men only like pretty girls for an evil reason." Don't be silly. We have no sinister designs against the roses that decorate our table. They are nice to look at, that's all.

MYSTERY LOVER (Balham).—"We haven't had a real good murder for years." We have sent for our private assassin.

KICK OFF (Oldham).—"To me the months are wasted when we have no football." But the shove ha'penny season keeps you occupied, surely?

X.Y. (Southampton).—"Here's a good joke: When the Liners come in, the penny a liners flock on board." Very funny. We'll laugh to-morrow.

OLD ETONIAN (Chester).—"Why teach factory children to play the piano?" Because they don't live in factories, old cock, but in decent homes.

BRAIDER (Bedford).—"Can I get hung by my own son, if he is the hangman?" Ask him—we are wholly ignorant of how your son feels toward you.

JACK S. (Portsmouth).—"I rather like the new *Bullets* £1 prizes." Hope the £2,000 this week is not going to offend you.

SUMMER TIME (Sutton).—"I wish some of these farmers would dry up." So do we. We're simply tired of the rain.

WILLY WALKER (Plymouth).—"Can you recommend a good rejuvenator?" What do you want—monkey glands or hat polish?

TOUR DE FORCE (Motherwell).—"Communism is swelling daily." Mainly in the head of its representative in Parliament.

BILLY BOY (London, E.C. 4).—"I am slightly amused at some of your answers." Don't say that, Bill. We thought they were serious.

STOPPER (Brentford).—"My sympathies are with the Republicans in Ireland." We quite understand why a stopper should sympathise with Cork.

LEEDS UNITED (Dewsbury).—"We are now beginning to feel the effects of the war." Has it only just reached Dewsbury?

ENQUIRY (Dublin).—"Will you tell me the name of the first horse to win the Derby?" Diomed, owner, Sir C. Bunbury, 9 ran, year 1780. Is that right, sir?

A COMMUNIST (Southend).—"We don't want doles and our members don't want doles." See answer to Tour de Force. Why do your members object? They have outdoor relief from Moscow.

WILTSHIRE MAN (Devizes).—"I'd like you to live here for a wet week." What have we done to you?

LIFE (Glasgow).—"I always say 'we've only got to live once.'" Oh! Was it *you* who said it?

CART AND HORSE (Epping).—"I consider your replies uncalled for." Then you haven't seen the printer's boy sitting on our doorstep.

WEST IS BEST (Bolton).—"I couldn't live in this rotten country." Try it for a year and we'll send a wreath.

OUR PETS (Aberdeen).—"My little cat is more to me than a child." Dear, dear!

YOUNG AND FRISKY (Wells).—"I ignore the opinions of society; I am self sufficient." And we are impressed.

CLERIC (Cambridge).—"The University is not what it used to be." And never was.

CHEER UP (Grimsby).—"I like a little devil in women; some are too meek." Personally, Loose Lis with a coke hammer never appealed to us.

BOLD AND BAD (Wolverhampton).—"I have many queer thoughts about girls." Have you tried Sanitas for the mind?

D. G. (Maidstone).—"I like to keep myself to myself." Good! So long as you keep yourself we've no objection.

TYKE (Rotherham).—"We have lately moved here from Wigan." Sounds like going from bad to worse.

OLD-FASHIONED (Kensington).—"The young man of to-day looks on home as merely a place to sleep in." We know some that don't even do that.

BROKE (Balham, S.W.).—"7,000 householders in the district have been summoned for rates." You surprise us. We thought the total population was considerably higher than that.

CURIOUS (Brighton).—"What is the correct way to pronounce Dr. Marie Stopes' name?" To be strictly correct you don't pronounce it at all.

HOUSEWIFE (Frinton).—"What do you think of the price of sugar?" We don't. Our wife won't let us.

STUDENT (Guildford).—"The best time for mental work is 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning." But not for us, laddie. It means staying up so late.

BOBON (Leeds).—"The Government should tax all money won over horse-racing." Good! then we shouldn't have to pay anything.

M. P. (S. Shields).—"Is Mr. Baldwin the first ironfounder to become Premier?" Yes, sir, but of course he's been a Cabinet maker just lately.

ALEC. (Stoke).—"I looks upon you has a good judge." Thanks awfully. But a good judge wouldn't pass a sentence like that.

DIGGINGS (Liverpool).—"Everybody agrees that the price of furnished rooms is excessive." Bet your landlady doesn't.

CRYSTAL SET (Chatham).—"I can't see anything in listening-in." You're not supposed to. But you can hear if you're lucky.

COSY (Long Eaton).—"My idea of a good time is a night at home with the family." But what do the family think about it?

SEVENTEEN (Glasgow).—"I would like to be a doctor, but it takes a long time, doesn't it?" And in the end you get there by degrees.

ALFRED (Leicester).—"Why do people laugh at men who wear monocles?" Perhaps it's because they think they're funny.

SMOKE RINGS (Derry).—"I smoke over fifty cigarettes every day." My! What a fine collection of pictures you must have!

PEN PUSHER (Brixton).—"The middle class are on their uppers." Poor soles!

MAUDIE (Grimsby).—"Grimsby people are the biggest scandal-mongers on earth." But a lot of them are at sea, Maudie!

CURIOUS (Parsons Green).—"How many hairs are there in the average man's eyebrows?" 1,027. Contradiction defied.

MAIDEN OF 38 (Abbey Wood).—"It is lovely to be able to pour out one's heart to someone like you." So that's what it was! We thought you'd spilt the soup over your letter.

BLUE BIRD (Swanage).—"Last Sunday in my garden I saw a blue bird with pink stripes: what would you say it was?" A sign you ought to see a doctor, or dilute your whisky.

W. P. (Salford).—"I can get the signatures of over 100,000 Manchester people in favour of a republic." Go ahead—but it's an awful waste of good paper.

MARY ANN (Waltham Cross).—"Can you judge character from faces?" Only from clock faces.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

HURRY UP!

and get your

2/6 "Everpointed Pencil" FREE

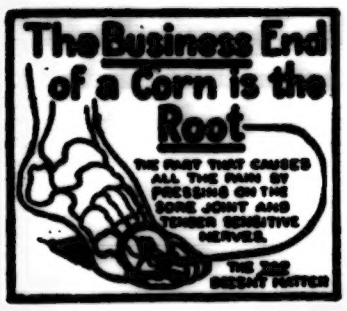
See page 2 of cover.

HOW TO TAKE CORNS OUT SO THEY DON'T COME BACK

"When sore, tired, tender feet ache like ulcerated teeth, and when callouses smarting, burning, chafing, excessive perspiration, or other foot afflictions make life miserable, just soak your feet in saltrated water, prepared as explained below, and then see how quickly you can bid all the torture a final good-bye," says:—

C. S. TURNER (formerly of the R.A.M.C.).

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning. Also it hurts, and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand new top on it, bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin, anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves and it is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't worry about the top. Get after the *root*, by using a good handful of refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates*, dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water. I just soaked my feet in this for awhile, then took hold of the corn with my fingers and out it came, root and all, like a hull comes out of a strawberry. Only a little hole or depression was left in the toe and that soon closed, so there was nothing left in there to sprout a new corn again. It didn't affect the surrounding flesh at all, but soon softened the whole of the corn. No burning or soreness, no pain, no danger, no trouble, and no days of waiting to see whether that old corn is going to leave for good or stay with you indefinitely. Soften callouses the same way, then scrape off, and I don't dare tell you how quick this saltrated medicated water will drive aches, chafes, blisters, excessive perspiration, etc., or even rheumatic pains away. It would sound too good to be true; but many former soldiers can tell you what wonderful stuff "saltrated" water is. The refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates* compound costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound will be sufficient to make several gallons of the medicated water and rid the whole family of foot troubles.



NOTE.—A well-known chemist, when shown the above, said: "The *Reudel Bath Saltrates* referred to is a remarkably efficient compound of pure refined mineral salts. This produces medicated and oxygenated water similar to that found at famous hot medicated springs, the ingredients of the natural waters, of course, having been exactly ascertained by analysis. 'Saltrated' water acts upon dead, calloused, hardened, and 'corny' skin (in which there is no blood circulation) by dissolving and extracting the oil or sebaceous matter therefrom. This leaves the skin soft and 'pulpy' so it is easily picked out or scraped off. The water, when medicated in this way, has no effect whatever upon sound and healthy skin."

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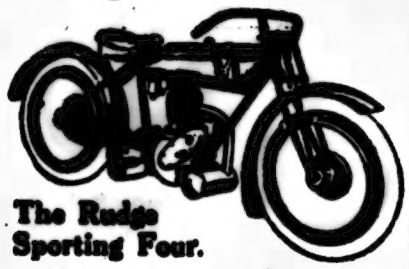

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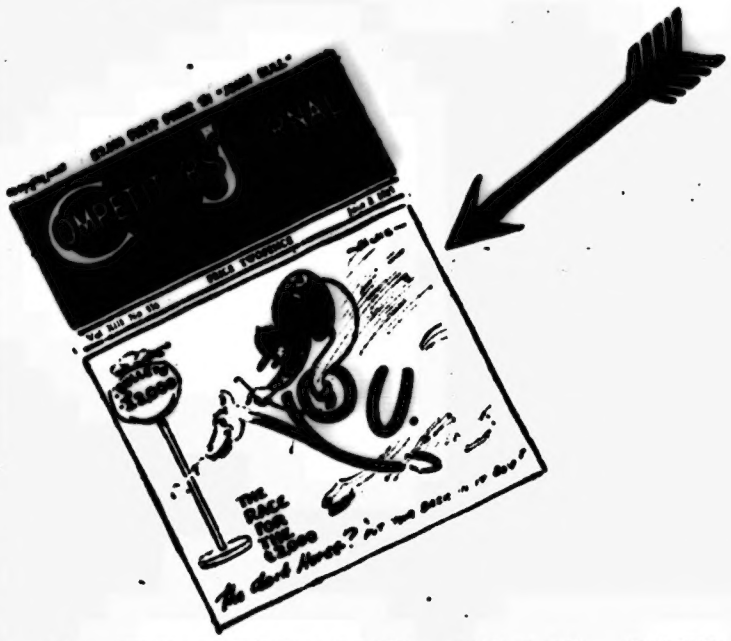

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A HERO'S REWARD

Patriotic Youth and Perplexed Manhood

WE give below some particulars of the perplexities with which a patriotic youth has been faced since he entered upon manhood. In his own interests we refrain from publishing his name and address, but they will gladly be furnished to anyone who is able and willing to help him out of his difficulties.

In January, 1916, when he was but a lad of fifteen, employed in the Labour Department of a Yorkshire City Corporation, he left his work to join the colours. Soon after he started soldiering, the Lord Mayor, Alderman and Citizens notified the units concerned that those of their employees who had shown their patriotism by enlisting would be rewarded by finding their work still open to them when they returned to civilian life.

Buoyed up by this assurance, the lad acquitted himself manfully in the Army, and notwithstanding his youthfulness, rose to the rank of Corporal. He served in France, Russia and Ireland, and was twice wounded and twice gassed.

When, on the threshold of manhood's estate, he was discharged from the Army in 1921, he found his place had long since been filled, and all the reward he received from the Corporation was the regret of the Superintendent that there was no immediate prospect of any vacancy.

He then asked for work in the Tramways Department, and his name was placed on the waiting list, where it has remained for two years.

Finally he offered himself as a recruit for the Constabulary, but after passing medical and other examinations, was informed by the Chief Constable that his application could not be entertained, although he was strongly recommended by a local vicar.

His present position is desperate. He is married, and has a child lying at death's door.

Testimonials from his schoolmaster, from previous employers, and from the vicar already mentioned all speak highly of his character and capabilities. "The Greatest of These——" Fund has relieved his immediate distress. Can no one solve the perplexities of his young manhood by finding him a job?

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Anfield," 6d.; "Dusty," 4d.; Anon. (Penzance), £1; "Newmarket," 1s. 6d.; H. V., 2s. 3d.; "More to Follow," 3s.; "Mark and Biddy," 1s. 6d.; "Gilbert and Frank," 1s.; N. and W. H., 15s.; Mrs. M., 1s.; "We Three," 3s.; E. R., 1s.; "Fred Willies," 2s.; E. M., 2s. 6d.; A. W. H., 1s. 9d.; H. M. L., parcel; A. W., 5s.; A. J., 1s.; B. M. (Kentish Town), 2s. 6d.; "Ideal" (Shotton), 2s. 6d.; E. K., 2d.; E. H., 1s. 2d.; "Maxwell," 4d.; "Joyce" (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.; E. J. W. (Tonbridge), 10s.; "In Thankfulness," parcel; Anon. (Four Crosses), 1s. 6d.; "Hospital Donation," 6d.; Mrs. H. T., 1s.; C. J. W., 2s. 6d.; "Star of Hope," 2s.; H. E. S., 4s. 6d.; Anon. (Ramsgate), parcel; "Sympathetic T. M.," 2s. 9d.; "Retlaw," 4s.; M. B., 6d.; "Ex-Service," 1s. 4d.; T. H. L. and M. M. L., 4s.; E. W., 1s. 2d.; K. A. (Ilkeley), 10s.; "In so Much," parcel and 1s.; E. A. B., 2s. 4d.; R. T. W., 2s. 6d.; R. G. R., 5s.; M. B., 1s.; Anon., 10½d.; "Lia ym X. Rox," 1s.; "Chummie," 5s.; "Mother and C. P.," 2s 6d.; Miss E. M. E., parcel; "In Memory of a dear Son and Daughter," 5s.; "Dirty Dick," 4s. 6d.; N. H. D. (Orpington), 12s. 2d.; J. S., 2s.; "One Who Does Not Forget," 5s.; "A Ninth" (Taiping), 1s. 6d.; "Well, Never Mind Who," 1s.; "Widow's Mite," 2s. 6d.; L. R., (Penzance), 5s.; J. S. H., 2s.; "Black Sheep," 5/-; Anon. (Sheffield), 1s. 3d.; (Oxted) 1s. 6d.; "A Friend," 2s.; "Poor Farmer," 2s. 6d.; T. M., 1s.; "Scotia" (Philadelphia), £1; Pte. B. L., 1s.; "Live and Let Live," 10s.; Anon. (Doncaster), 5s.; Anon. (Ebury Bridge), 2s.; (XXX), 3/-; "Maude," 2s.; "May" (Bombay), £1; "Grasias," 2s. 6d.; "Sympathiser" (Oficina de Cellas), £5; "Ex-Corporal," 1s.; R. W., 6d.; "Wimbledon Woman," £1; Anon. (Kingsworthy), parcel; H. R. (Thrapston), £1; Mrs. B. (Martyr Worthy), parcel; "Hardup" (Charlton), parcel; Mrs. E. H. J. (Chester), parcel; W. J. W., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Y. (Winslow), parcel; W. L., 4s.; Mrs. C. C. O., 4s 6d.; "Poor Clare," 9d.; Mrs. W., 2s.; "Widow's Mite" (Stenford), 5s.; "Hamptonian," 10s.; W. J. E., 2s. 6d.; F. B. K., £1; H. R. (Durban), £3; "Thankful," 1s.; E. F. A., 5s.; J. D. A., 2s. 6d.; "Occasional," 10s.; "Homo," 2s. 6d.; F. M. D. (Bexhill), 5s.; A. T., 3s.; E. L. C., 2s. 6d.; "Old Bill," 2s.; E. M. (Lea Bailey Hill), 6s.; "9" (Torquay), 4s.; E. F. (Greenwich), 5s.; "Father of 5," 1s. 5d.; L. H., 5s.; "Old Timer," 50 cents; K. W. G. P., 10s.; "Coals," 4s. 6d.; R. J. C. (Fulham), £1 10s.; W. H. B., 2s.; "Hard Earned," 10s.; Mrs. D. G. D., 2s.; J. McD. (Hong Kong), 10s. 6d.; R. P., 5s.; J. T. K., 2s.; Anon. (Brandon), 2s. 9d.; "Information," 10s.; M. E. M., (Cleckheaton), £1; W. A. S. (Grantham), parcel; C. M., 1s.; T. H. H., 2s. 4d.; W. P. T. (East Ham), 5s. 3d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule in an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 487.

IN THE CABINET	KILLING THE GOOSE
A JOB	BIG QUESTION
LOT TO SAY	FULL OF LIFE
WINSTON'S FUTURE	POOR PLAY
REVIVING	IN A PICKLE
ON TRIAL	FINDING FAVOUR
AFTER THE REST	MY FAMILY
WHAT FUN	SUSPICIOUS
DANCING	IN SILENCE
FAITHFUL SERVANT	PUBLIC OPINION

These examples can be made use of on the Coupon on page 37, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 21ST. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 487 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 487, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 488.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

'BULLETS' BIGGEST FIRST £2000

10 PRIZES OF £10
10 PRIZES OF £5

2nd £500 PRIZE

3rd. £250 PRIZE

100 PRIZES OF £1
200 PRIZES OF 5/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
5,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 483.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mrs. JAMES FRASER,
66, Rosemount Vie, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Example:—OUR BABY
Bullet:—AND FRANCE'S GIANT—AVIATION.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. Sydney W. Burden, c/o Mrs. Fisher, 11, The Walk, Wolmscott, Frinsbury, Nr. Gillham.

Example:—RAMSAY MACDONALD
Bullet:—"RE-ASSESSED" ON RECENT "FORM."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. William Polzin, 3, Stockton St., Kennington, S.E.

Example:—OUR BABY
Bullet:—ALWAYS FALLING—CHRISTENED "MARK."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

GEORGE FORBES, Bullionfield Cottages, Invergowrie, Dundee:
QUEER THINGS—FUNK MOUSE—RISK PILLION.

E. HAROLD AYRE, Norwich Union Chambers, Birmingham:
THE NEXT TIME—TO ALTER—CLOSING TIME.

JOSEPH BRADBURY, 31, Cambridge St., Scarborough:
AMERICA'S WAY—NOT OURS—"WE TRUST."

S. V. LINDSAY, 4, Shore Donard, Ballygomartin Road, Belfast:
RAMSAY MACDONALD—HIS AMBITION'S "COMMON PROPERTY."

P. GOMERSALL, 6, Station Road, South Shore, Blackpool:
SOON OVER—THE COALS, UNWANTED EMPLOYEE.

E. CLIFT, Main Street, Barton, Nr. Burton-on-Trent:
QUEER THINGS—COMPOSING FUTURE SOLDIER'S EQUIPMENT.

F. E. COMPTON, 99, The Vale, Golders Green, N.W. 11:
A BLESSING—BOOKMAKERS TO AMBITIOUS CONSTABLES.

MRS. F. HARBUTT, Kia Ora, Sway, Hants.:
MONEY FOR JAM—IMAGINED ILLS PROVIDE DOCTORS.

MURRAY M. THOMSON, 45, George Fourth Bridge, Edinburgh:
GIVING HER AWAY—"HOME, JAMES!"—DRIVER'S "WHERE?"

HARRY ASHBY 41, Finsbury Rd., Wood Green, N. 22:
MY HOUSE—NEIGHBOUR SHARES PICTURE NAILS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

ALFRED E. SEAWARD, 242, Nene Parade, Wisbech, Cambs.:
WOMAN—SLOW AT "CHANGING GEAR."

H. TYSON, 45, Windsor Road, Torquay:
MORE TALK—UNTIL ARMIES ARE READY.

E. SLANEY, 39, Victoria Road, Tamworth, Staffs:
BRITAIN'S BEST—SURPRISED AMERICA JUST RECENTLY.

MISS MARY IVISON, 13, Criffe Avenue, Maryport, Cumberland:
SMELLING A RAT—EDITOR—POETRY WORTH PUBLISHING.

MISS C. E. WARD, 11, Magdalen Road, Oxford:
IN OUR VILLAGE—ALL LIARS AREN'T MEN.

HERBERT VICTOR, South Down House, Henfield, Sussex:
WEARY—THEIR WIVES, MODEL HUSBANDS.

JOSEPH CROUCHER, 17, Apsley Road, Southsea, Hants:
WHERE TO BEGIN—"DRIVING," POLITICIAN THINKS LINKS.

FRED HODGSON, 117, Portnall Rd., Paddington, W. 9:
ON THE STAGE—"GETTING ACROSS" TAKES TIME.

L. R. FRISENEY, 34, Hawksley Avenue, Hillsborough, Sheffield:
WHAT THE CURATE SAID—ABOUT "CORINTHIANS"—WASN'T FOOTBALL.

MRS. BROOKS, 4, Willow Terrace, Thorpe St. Andrews:
SOON OVER—PLAY—SO INTERVALS EXTENDED.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 486.

THE KING
LIGHTS OF LONDON
THE NEW PREMIER
WELCOME
CONSERVATIVE PARTY
AT THE RACES
OUR COUNTRY
BANNED
CLOUDLESS SKY
WORTH WAITING FOR
OPPOSITE SEX
OVER THE WATER
WIRELESS AMATEUR
WHAT WIFE MEANS
ALL OUT
ABOVE OUR HEADS
AFTER HOURS
PROVING TOO MUCH
FIRST OFFENDER
STANDING ALONE
THE BIG STICK
A PLEASURE
IN OUR WAY
BIG CATCH
A BIT HOT
GETTING CLOSER
LIKE A MAN
A PICNIC
IN THE NET
THE SKIPPER
BAD FOR US
DIFFICULT
SET TO WORK
MARY ANN
ON THE SPOT
A MIRACLE
THREATENING
MY LOT
PROVOKING SMILE
SHY MISS

☞ **SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.**—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be sent to the Newsagents from which the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 483 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Ten-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 483 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Special." Complete List of all cash and other Prize-winners will be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

"Bullets" Rules and selection of Examples for Competition No. 487 will be found on page 28.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example:—LITTLE HELP Bullet:—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS. Example:—PAID IN FULL Bullet:—THEN FRANCE "QUITS." Example:—WHEN LONDON SLEEPS Bullet:—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 486, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(486) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. Address _____
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(486) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. Address _____
With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

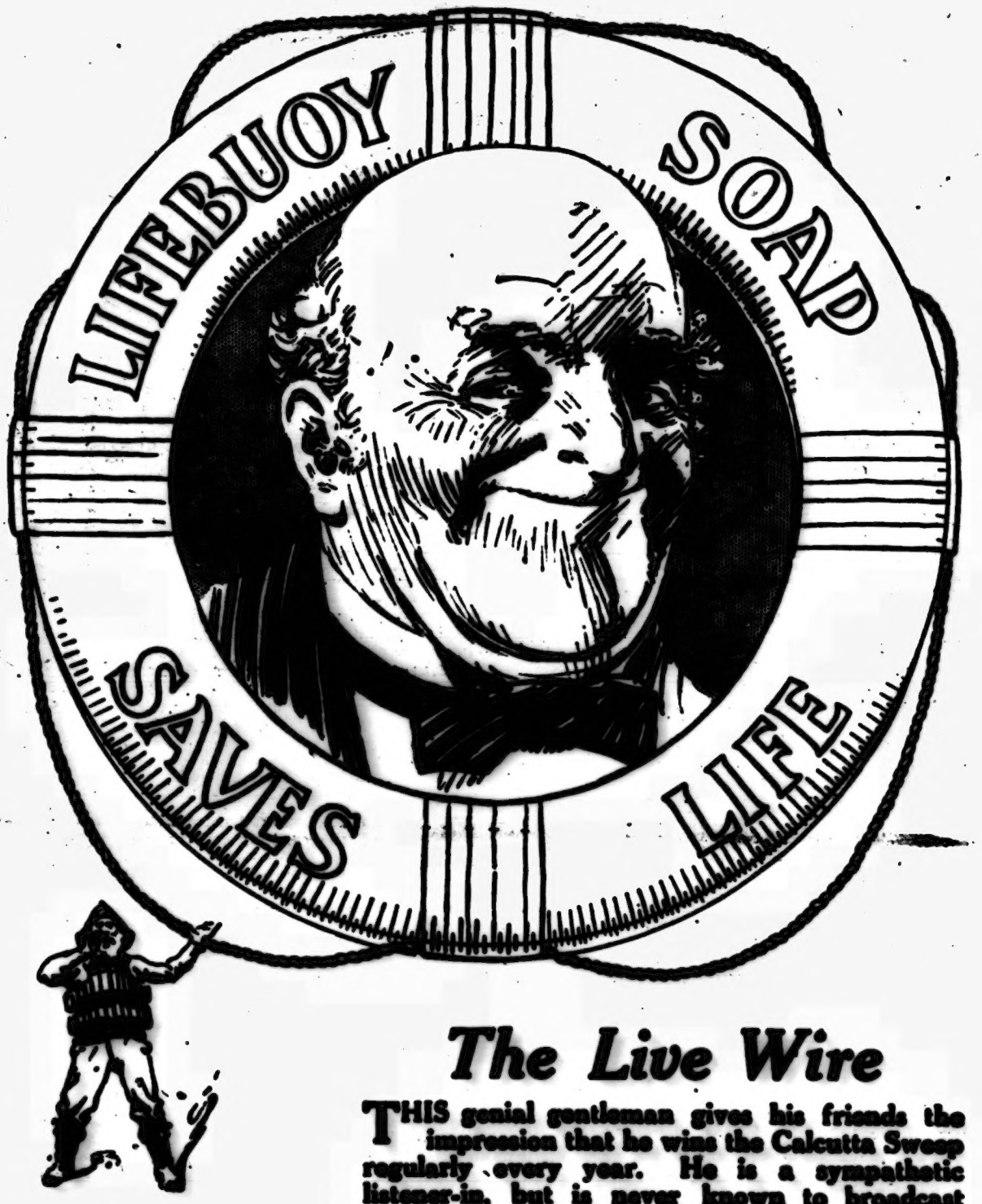
Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(486) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. Address _____
With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 14.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(486) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. Address _____
With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.



The Live Wire

THIS genial gentleman gives his friends the impression that he wins the Calcutta Sweep regularly every year. He is a sympathetic listener-in, but is never known to broadcast trouble. He is at his best when coming from the bathroom after his tub with Lifebuoy Soap.

Indeed, all day long he is a splendid advertisement for the health-giving properties of that popular soap. Lifebuoy Soap leaves every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected. There is a cheery companionship in its fresh lather and its invigorating odour.

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

Wash face and hands with it—bathe with it—shampoo with it.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 223-24

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